MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

AGRICULTURE · HORTICULTURE · RURAL LIFE · EXCELSIOR · LITERATURE · SCIENCE · ARTS · NEWS

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
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AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

CHAS. D. BRAGDON, Western Corresponding Editor.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a FAMILY JOURNAL it is eminently Instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Hearts and Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

AGRICULTURAL.

CLOVER AND PLASTER.

A READER in Michigan wishes a little information respecting clover and plaster, which we will endeavor to give. Clover may be sown either in the autumn with winter grains or in the spring with summer cereals, or may be sown alone or with timothy or any other of the cultivated grasses. Which is the best of these methods is not very easily ascertained; and the question has caused a good deal of discussion among practical men, and the exhibition of a great variety of experience that at first might appear contradictory. Like other questions, however, in regard to which experience seems to vary, we have no doubt the difference in the result is chargeable to difference of circumstances, such as soil, climate, exposure, amount of snow, which is valuable as winter protection, and perhaps other influences.

When clover is sown alone, from ten to sixteen pounds are used. Heavy land it is believed generally requires more seed than a light soil. It is best not to be sparing of clover seed, for where grown pretty thick the hay is finer and better. When sown with timothy, the usual quantity is from six to twelve pounds. The only way to secure a good crop all over the field, is to prepare the ground thoroughly and give plenty of seed. Spots where clover will not catch, need manure and a little more seed.

The operation of plaster is not well understood either by practical or scientific men. It has been used by some in certain locations without the least apparent benefit, and its use abandoned, while others differently situated find it the most profitable manure that can be used on clover, all leguminous plants, and the grasses. Why this is so no one can tell, though there are many theories. Experiment alone will decide where it is profitable to use plaster and where it is useless. There is a great difference of opinion, too, as to the best time of sowing plaster. Some derive no benefit unless it is used in the spring after the leaves are well expanded, and think that its effect is through the leaves alone, while others are not particular on this point, and prefer to sow at the very earliest moment possible in the spring, and in this way obtain the best results. We never saw a better effect from plaster than on a field of clover in Niagara county, heavy soil, that had received a heavy dressing of plaster in the winter. A correspondent complains that using plaster on clover sown with wheat causes a heavy growth of straw, makes the wheat ripen late, and it is very much subject to rust, while without plaster the clover perishes from drouth. If any of our readers know of a preventive of this state of things, we would like to be informed. From two to four bushels of plaster is the quantity usually applied to the acre.

We have referred to the difference existing among scientific men regarding the operation of plaster, and we give the opinions of three of the most celebrated doctors.

Sir HUMPHREY DAVY held the opinion that the influence of gypsum on clover, sainfoin, rye grass, and other plants of this character, is due to their containing naturally a large proportion of sulphate of lime. He examined the ashes of these plants, and found that they afforded considerable quantities of gypsum, which substance, he thought, might probably be intimately combined as a necessary part of their woody fibre. He believed that where gypsum failed to produce a good result, it would be found that the soil naturally contained so much of the salt, that its artificial supply was unnecessary.

Professor LIEBIG's opinions are thus stated in the *Cyclopædia of Agriculture:*—Prof. L. explains the action of gypsum upon grasses, by a reference to its well known power of converting the volatile carbonate of ammonia into the more fixed sulphate of the same base. When sulphate of lime is mixed with a solution of carbonate of ammonia, all ammoniacal smell soon disappears. By a mutual interchange of elements, carbonate of lime and sulphate of ammonia are formed, and the latter salt, not being volatile at ordinary temperatures, remains without loss in the liquid.

Professor LIEBIG further states that "a part only of the carbonate of ammonia, conveyed by rain to the soil, is received by plants; because a certain quantity of it is volatilized with the vapor of water. Only that portion of it can be assimilated which enters deeply into the soil, or which is conveyed directly to the leaves by dew, or is absorbed from the air along with the carbonic acid."

Now it is to the power, possessed by gypsum, of converting the carbonate of ammonia into the sulphate of the same base, and thus preventing its volatilization when it has once come in contact with the soil, that Professor LIEBIG partly attributes the action of gypsum as manure. We say *partly*, because he expressly says that "the evident influence of gypsum upon the growth of grasses, the striking fertility and luxuriance of a meadow on which it is strewed, depends, in *some degree*, upon its fixing in the soil the ammonia of the atmosphere, which would otherwise be volatilized with the water which evaporates." And in other parts of his well known work on Agricultural Chemistry he shows in what way plants derive the sulphur, required for the production of their albuminous constituents, either directly or indirectly, from sulphate of lime. Professor LIEBIG, then, considers that gypsum acts as a source *per se* of food to plants, but still more as a means of presenting ammonia to them in greater abundance—in other words, that in applying gypsum to a soil, we are in fact manuring with an ammoniacal salt.

M. BOUSSINGAULT, who advocates the third theory which we have to notice, has taken occasion, in enunciating his views, to criticise with great ability both of the preceding explanations of the action of gypsum.

In reference to Professor LIEBIG's theory, M. BOUSSINGAULT shows that to double the crop of clover, which a dressing of gypsum is well known to do, the whole of the rain falling during the life of the plant must have contained 1-17000th of its weight of carbonate of ammonia; and that even allowing that this proportion of ammonia could exist in rain water, great corrections would require to be made for the quantity of rain which either does not penetrate the soil at all, or is returned to the atmosphere without passing through the plants.

Admitting, however, for the sake of argument, that the effect of gypsum upon clover, lucerne, sainfoin, &c., is really attributable to its fixing the ammonia of the atmosphere and of rain, M. BOUSSINGAULT justly asks why it is that it does no good whatever to natural pastures, and still less to root or corn crops. Theoretically it would be expected that a proportionate advantage should be derived by all crops from the ammonia so obtained, and it is a matter of notoriety that ammoniacal salts largely increase the produce of natural grasses, and form an excellent manure for wheat. These facts seem perfectly irreconcilable with the explanation offered by Professor LIEBIG for the action of gypsum in agriculture.

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PATENT OFFICE AG'L REPORT.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—The Agricultural Report of the Patent Office has just made me its annual visit; and although I have never considered this volume worth its weight in gold, it is pleasant to have evidence that the wheels of government are still moving; that notwithstanding the wicked rebellion which is costing us much treasure and thousands of valuable lives, the various departments of our government are performing their duties as though all were peace and quiet. I have always doubted the wisdom of our Government annually publishing a book of Agricultural Essays, as this can be done better and cheaper through individual enterprise. If the Government were conducting a series of agricultural experiments, the results of which we were all anxious to learn, it would be well to issue a report of progress every year; but I see no sense in publishing a work of five hundred pages, made up of ordinary agricultural essays, extracts from foreign journals, books, &c. The volume for 1861 is a much better work in every respect, than any that has preceded it—at least this is my present impression, after a brief examination, and yet no publisher of agricultural books would for one moment think of giving it to the world at his own risk.

All that is done by our Government for the agriculture of the country is through a department of the patent office, a most unnatural connection, truly, and the late "Superintendent of Agricultural Affairs" makes the following pertinent inquiries:—"How far it is accordant with the true interests of the Patent Office and with the rights of inventors to continue the administration of agricultural affairs under the ægis of that office; how far it accords with verity to hold the Commissioner of Patents to responsibility before the country and the world for the performance of duties of which in the nature of things he cannot be cognizant, for the expression of opinions he cannot have matured, and for the promulgation of scientific discoveries in fields his accustomed pursuits have seldom or ever permitted him to traverse, are regarded as proper and important inquiries at the present era."

In addition to the publication of the agricultural report for gratuitous distribution, this department has about five acres in use, as an experimental garden, propagating houses, &c., where are tested a great many plants of native origin, but mostly foreign, obtained through American consuls and other government agents in foreign countries. These plants, after being propagated, are scattered over the country, through the mail. In vain we look through the report for any valuable results of the experiments made; and the plants reported ready for distribution are principally of the most common varieties to be obtained cheap at any of our nurseries. For instance, eight varieties of *native grapes* are ready to send out, and these are Catawba, Concord, Delaware, Diana, Hartford Prolific, Isabella, Rebecca, and Union Village. Any one of the leading nurseries of the country can supply all these, and a score of others in much larger quantities, no doubt, than our Great National Nursery at Washington. If government would keep pace with private enterprise, it must move much faster.

Seven varieties of plants are ready for distribution and these mostly common, and are as follows:—Osier Willow, Carob Tree Sesban, St. John's Wort, Mahonia repens, Stone Pine, and Chinese Arbor Vitæ. The *Carob* or *Kharub*, as it is called by THOMSON, and others, is the *Ceratonia siliqua* of LINNÆUS. It is no doubt the tree that bore the "husks" which the swine did eat, and upon which the prodigal would fain have satisfied his hunger. These "husks" or pods are somewhat like those of the honey locust, from six to ten inches long, and one broad, lined with a gelatinous substance not wholly unpleasant to the taste when fully ripe. It is grown in Palestine, but most abounds in Cyprus, Asia Minor and the Grecian Islands, and is still used as food for swine. The report says it has been successfully propagated at Washington, and a limited number of plants have prospered in the open air in several situations south of Virginia. While our farmers neglect to grow sweet apples for their stock, which makes such excellent food, and can be grown so cheaply, we have no faith that they will plant Carob orchards.

An agent is dispatched to Europe every year for the purchase of seeds, and these are distributed through the mails. As a general thing the agent selected is not one that any of our seed dealers would like to send to Europe on a similar errand; and in some instances persons have been honored with this mission who were utterly incapable of making proper selections. Some years since a friend of the writer happened to take passage to Europe with one of these government seed-buyers. After an acquaintance was formed, the agent made known his business and sought advice. The names of the prominent seed houses of London and Paris were given. To make a short job, the seed buyer visited an extensive seed dealer in London, made known his mission, and the amount of money he had to spend. The obliging Londoner of course was ready to fill the order, to the exact amount, and of the very best things, just suited to our wants. This was satisfactory, of course, and the American, after a pleasure trip of a few weeks in Great Britain and on the Continent, returned to report his success. It is not strange, therefore, that most of the seeds that reach us through the Patent Office are of the most common kinds, or utterly worthless.

The way in which the country is served through the Agricultural Department of the Patent Office is illustrated by the following, which we extract from the preliminary remarks by the Superintendent:—"The effort to procure a hive or a few swarms of the Italian Bee has been unsuccessful, owing to inattention to the instructions given by the agent of the Office. It is expected that the loss will be repaired." Now the truth is, the department sent an agent to Europe to obtain Italian Bees and other things, and though the Bees sent the government arrived dead, this agent received some on his own account alive, propagated them, and has been making a nice speculation by selling queens to the bee-keepers of the country at $5 each. In January, 1861, when the people are getting pretty well supplied, the Superintendent expects that the loss will be repaired. Whether this is to be done by sending another agent to Europe, or by purchasing of the old one is not stated. All I have to say is that it is a pity so good a government should be so badly served. I had intended to notice some things of value in the Report, but must defer this until another time.

TRAVELER.

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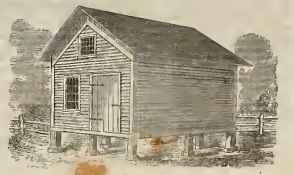
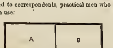


DESIGN FOR A CORN HOUSE.

DURING the present week we have received several inquiries for Plans of Corn Houses, Sheep Barns, Cattle Racks, Pole Racks, &c. To all of these we will respond as fast as possible. In the mean time any of our readers having important facts on these subjects will please communicate at once, so that we may give our readers all the information needed. For the following Plans for a Corn House we are indebted to correspondents, practical men who have them in use:

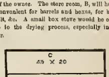


GROUND PLAN.
A, Granary; B, Store Room

PLAN ONE.—The accompanying Plan of a Corn House and Granery, with elevation, will admit of almost any required reduction or extension in size. It is 24 by 18 feet, posts 14 feet, which extend 2 feet below the floor, and rest on stone supports 8 inches high, and sunk into the ground three feet. The studs, 2 feet apart, are set 1¼ inches inside of face of the sills and posts, with strips of plank 2 by 4, notches cut in them in the form of a right-angled triangle, the base 1¼ inches deep, the hypothenuse 5¼ inches long, the perpendicular parallel with the face of the plank, one immediately above the other, nailed on the sides with the back corners of the notches even with the face of the studs. Clapboards, 6 inches wide, are nailed on the notches, with the lower edge extending ½ inch below the notch, and the upper edge of the clapboard in the next notch below; thus leaving a space of one inch between the two clapboards, which admits plenty of air, and at the same time prevents the rain from blowing in upon the corn. The bins are 3 feet wide, extending both sides of the building—the floor does not extend under the bins—the bottom of the bins are formed of strips one inch thick and three inches wide, set edgewise, one inch apart. The doors should be hung with strap hinges—so that they can be taken off in the fall, and doors made of slats hung in their places, so as to admit of a free circulation of air through the building. The floor overhead is 1¼ feet below the top of the plates, and the entrance to the upper story through the floor directly over the window, by means of a movable ladder.

The granary is in the center of the building, and is 6 feet wide by 18 feet long, with two partitions dividing it into three bins. It rises 2 feet above the upper floor, and extends down to within 6 feet of the lower floor. The grain is drawn up with a tackle hitched directly over the entrance to the upper story, emptied into the granery and is taken out by means of a slide at the bottom, where you want a movable flight of steps, 4 feet high, with the board on the top one foot wide. The entrance steps should be made and hung so that the door cannot be shut when they are down, but must be turned up into the building in order to close it, thus avoiding the possibility of leaving it down for mice to run up. There should be a tin fender, 6 inches in width, nailed around each post, close to the sill, projecting downwards.

PLAN TWO.—We will commence by laying a good stone wall in lime mortar, (which will not be a good harbor for rats and mice,) and on this wall piece sills of hard wood, with a rebbet 1¼ inch deep, in order to admit plank 1¼ inches thick. (The plank should be hard wood.) Over this may be used clapboards, or (what is more fashionable now days,) boards up and down, battening the cracks. The floor may be laid with good, sound hemlock boards, 1 inch thick, jointed and laid double. It should be nailed with well seasoned hemlock boards, matched and well put together. The height between lower and upper floors 6½ feet—the same above the second floor to the plates. The granary, A, may be cut up into bins, to suit the taste of the owner. The store room, B, will be found very convenient for barrels and boxes, for keeping fall fruit, &c. A small box stove would be of some service in the drying process, especially in damp weather.



SECOND STORY.
C, C, Corn Cribs, H, Hall.

The plan of the second floor gives you a crib, C, the whole length of the building upon one side, and on the other, is a crib, C, part way, leaving sufficient room to go up and down stairs. At one end of the alley we have a door of sufficient size to admit of large boxes of corn, which may be drawn up by means of a pulley in the ridge above. At the opposite end a large window for light, and also for a draught of air. At the figure 3, in the alley, should be a screen fixed in the floor coarse enough to let shelled corn through; over this may be placed the corn sheller. The corn, after being shelled, passes through the screen into a conductor, (made funnel-shape,) which empties it in a large bin below, leaving the cobs above. The front of the cribs should be made of slats in order to let in air. The corn may be taken from small doors, near the bottom of the cribs.

TAXES AND CANADA THISTLES.

TAXES are perennial. They flourish and *increase*, though all else declines. They abound in all climes where civilized man has his abode. If you go where they don't *tax*, look out,—they are preparing to *eat* you!

The "reliable man," is the tax gatherer;—you can depend upon him, who ever forsakes. Who else has such an affectionate interest in all you possess? Precious treasures, unknown or unheeded by your best friends, are sought out and remembered by him. Closer than a brother he watches your prosperous and your declining years. With infinite modesty you may *undervalue* your own possessions, but the taxmen, with scrupulous exactness, give you credit for all.

Taxation is a science taught by renowned professors, from ADAM SMITH to T. H. BENTON and H. GREELEY, Esquires, who never could agree whether the thing should be taken clear, or mixed with other commodities innumerable —"direct" or "indirect," that's the question! Will you have it by itself, or will you eat it with your herrings, sip it with your coffee, mingle it with your perfumes, and color it with your dyes? Neither Cabals nor Congresses, Politicians nor Parliaments have solved the vexed question. I offer a compromise suggested by a valued friend, a lady, who appreciates the necessities of the country and the justice of a tax, but would lay it so that no interest would suffer, and all good people be *"protected."* I propose a tax on *Canada thistles!* *Foreigners*, they came without being invited; cormorants, they produce nothing; monopolists, they make no returns — why shouldn't they pay a tax? Do you object? You tax the spectacles that give sight to honored age, and the sugar that sweetens the catnip tea of the new born infant, — are Canada thistles bound to you by tenderer ties?

You have all heard of the "Goths and Vandals," I presume—I haven't a very clear idea what they were, but I entertain the opinion that Canada thistles are a great deal worse. The Goths and Vandals died out after a while, I conclude, for I haven't read of them in the RURAL lately, which treats of every thing of any consequence that is going; but Canada thistles, like beggars and small pox, push themselves everywhere, where they aint wanted, and when they get there, are sure to stay — at least I never heard of their going *voluntarily*, which even the greatest *bores* are known to have done. Ministers of the Gospel are taxed, if they are indiscreet enough to have more means than are required for current expenses; are Canada thistles more sacred than they? Not only thistles, but daisies and docks, tares and tory weeds, and all that family that live well and do nothing, should pay the tax.

I am perfectly conscious of the revolutionary and agrarian bearings of the principle here set forth. I know full well that if it should get abroad in human society, it would produce a hubbub of no mean proportions. I am aware that among men, those that productively are of least value, socially and civilly, have the most respect and the most exemptions; but I venture the amendment, and if it shall finally come to this, that each shall get his deserts, we must all endure it as best we can.

Let us have a tax on Canada thistles.—H. T. D.

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CHINESE, OR FAT-TAILED SHEEP.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Please accept my most sincere thanks for your kind notice of Ayrshire cattle and Chinese sheep, in issue of 24th Aug. and 21st September.

Regarding the sheep, neither of your descriptions, or the plate, answers to my sheep. I have three; one ewe dropped three lambs to-day,—took buck May 19th. The weight of these sheep is about 200 pounds. When full grown, the tail, which is the curious part, is from 7 to 8 inches long and 5 to 6 inches broad, with a small tail coming out at the end of the large one. The large tail seems to form no part of the hips, and will not exceed 10 pounds in weight when the animal is in *high flesh*. The tail is covered with wool; legs and head back of the ears with fine short hair. The ear is large, drooping, and projects quite in front of the face, when the attention of the animal is attracted. Nose, Roman; and always minus horns. I believe these sheep came from Chinese Tartary, and I think the variety is but little known in America.

In the monthly *Journal of Agriculture* (page 255,—1845,) is an account of this same breed. Also, on page 220, (Nov., 1845,) are two cuts of these sheep, which are very good. Hon. RICHARD PETERS spoke of them at that time as Tunis Broad-tailed sheep. I will endeavor to send you a photograph of those, and if it is worth your while you can use it in your paper.

I will from time to time send you accounts of these *curious* sheep, and hope I may not intrude in so doing. In case the correspondence should annoy you, "table it," and I shall remain, very truly yours,

Cussewago, Pa., Sept. 27, 1861. H. C. POTTER.

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WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

PRODUCTION AND PRICES.

THERE are sundry suggestive facts found in the present state of things in the West, which would afford a score of chapters on political and domestic economy. Your readers may have seen it stated, last winter, that Illinois farmers were burning corn for fuel. The Eastern reader may have called it a "Western story," and given it no credit; nevertheless it is literally true. Talking of the price of grain the other day, with F. H. BROWN, Esq., of Genesee, Illinois, he said he had seen farmers come into the market in that place during the present fall, *sell their corn at ten cents per bushel*, and go straight to a fruit stall and *pay ten cents each for peaches!* "All of which," some one may say, "is evidence that the law of Compensation is of Divine origin—that supply and demand are the governing causes in traffic."

Now let us look at this law or governing cause of supply and demand. To-day, (October 20th,) farmers are selling corn at the different railroad stations in this State, at rates ranging from 5 or 6 cents per bushel to 15 or 18 cents, depending entirely upon the distance from and rate of freights to this (Chicago) market. To-day corn was sold *here* at from 20½ to 22½ cents per bushel—say at an average of 21 cents per bushel. The price of corn in the New York market, as reported by telegraph to-day, ranges at 57 to 61 cents per bushel—say at an average of 59 cents per bushel. This leaves a balance or margin of 38 cents to go into somebody's hands besides the producer's. Now let it be remembered, that the 21 cents for which it is sold in this city, includes the commission or profit to the country purchaser, the freight charges 50 to 150 miles more or less, storage, inspector's charges, &c. It leaves here with 38 cents per bushel margin for somebody to absorb—at least *double*, and in some instances more than *three times the amount the producer has received for it delivered at the railroads.* Who gets this margin? To-day, 22 cts. per bushel has been paid as freight between here and Buffalo—leaving 16 cents with which to pay freight from Buffalo to New York, and afford the last purchaser or shipper a profit. There ought not to have been more than the 16 cents margin when it started from Chicago. It would have paid the transporter a fair price and left the shipper a handsome profit after paying insurance. A great deal of grain has been shipped from Chicago with less margin. But suppose there were 20 cents margin, which would be liberal, there would be 18 cents to go into the producer's purse, towards paying for the labor, time and capital invested in the production of his corn. But the fact is, as corn advances in the New York market, the advance is absorbed by the carrying trade. The producer gains nothing by the advance. He is selling his grain at less than the cost of production,—it is being rushed into market by hundreds of thousands of bushels daily, and every bushel is impoverishing the country. This short-sighted policy of the carrying trade is abominable in its effects. The West, with its immense resources of grain, is actually growing poorer daily by the swindling processes of shippers and transporters.

It is one of the strangest of phenomena, that there are farmers enough foolish enough to sell corn enough at such rates, to swell the receipts to the figures daily reached in this market. It is not only strange but heart-sickening to any man who studies the effect of this immense tax upon the productive industry of the country—this depletion of the capital in the hands of the people. The extent of this tax can scarcely be calculated, even if it is understood to be *an average of fifty per centum* of the *cost* of producing and marketing each bushel of corn! With incomplete data, it may be difficult to determine what the loss is; but it is believed that it is safe to say that the average loss to the farmer on each bushel of corn purchased in this city at less than twenty-five cents per bushel, is five cents. The writer has not the figures at hand by which may be determined, even approximately, what the amount of corn is, which has been placed "free on board" at less than twenty-five cents; but it is sufficiently large to make this tax of five cents per bushel reach an aggregate sum that would pay a large proportion of expenses incurred by the State Government in the prosecution of the "war for the Union." In this estimate I speak of Illinois alone. But if Iowa were included, deprived as she is of the river market, and compelled to ship hither, the five cents per bushel would become ten.

The country cannot afford this; commercial classes cannot afford it; for they are to a great extent dependent upon the healthful financial condition of the country for their prosperity. If the crop in which the capital of the farmers of the country is invested is sold for less than cost, it leaves no room for the purchase of the usual accessaries—much less the payment of debts and purchase of luxuries, which give tradesmen their support. Ultimately, therefore, this burden must be divided. There is too great an identity of interest between the two classes for it to produce any other effect. Each is dependent upon the other. It is an interesting question for political economists to solve—"How much is the present grain trade impoverishing the West?"—for it *is* impoverishing it. It is removing our resources, without equivalent, into the possession of our enemies, prospectively.

This subject is worthy more careful and *specific* treatment than I have been able to give it. But it would be a great blessing to the West, to this city, and to the country at large, if farmers and shippers from this point would hold back their grain a month or two. If only for one month, it would effect a wonderful change in the tone of the carrying trade and open the eyes of men now blind to the interests of the country. It is simply folly to grow and sell grain as the farmers of the West are doing.

HARVESTING CORN.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—The harvesting of the corn crop is an important item of labor to the farmer, and thinking that a statement of my method of securing may be of use to some of your readers, I send you the following plan, to the perfecting of which I have arrived at three distinct points:—1st, The saving of all unnecessary time in performing the labor; 2d, That each stook be secured in an upright position; and 3d, That the air may have free circulation through the same.

Supposing thirty to be the number of hills for a stook, five rows to be cut at a time—that being the usual number—the following figures, with a little explanation, will show my plan:

1	26	27	24	23	22
2	29	28	25	20	21
3	30	9	10	19	18
4	7	8	15	14	17
5	6	11	12	13	16

Encircling No. 1 with the left arm, (or over back-handed as some do,) a drawing blow with a light patent corn cutter severs the hill. A slight lifting of the left side of the body, and No. 1 is easily placed in close proximity to No. 2, which is gathered by the cutter in the right hand and encircled by the left as was No. 1. Thus we continue on to No. 8, when the bundle cut is placed directly between Nos. 9 and 10, and secured by a band, including Nos. 9 and 10, which are to remain uncut. We then cut from 11 to 16 inclusive, which armful is placed against the stook directly opposite No. 8, then from 17 to 19, which is placed opposite No. 15, then from 20 to 25, placing opposite the last named No. The remainder is then cut according to their numbers and placed opposite No. 26, then with a snug band as near the ears as possible, and another around the top, and the work is done. We never bind with straw, but with the stalks at hand; if the corn is green we use the dryest, and if dry, the greenest stalks.

It will be perceived that the three points aimed at are attained, as the operator, upon securing each armful, is directly at the point where he wishes to deposit it, thereby saving all unnecessary steps.

The position of Nos. 9 and 10 which remain uncut until the stook is to be husked, in connection with the different bunches as cut, bracing from opposite directions, secure the other two points aimed at, i. e., an upright position of the stook and free circulation of air.

There is, perhaps, no part of farm labor in which men differ so much as that of which this hasty sketch treats. While one man with such a system as this is able, with ease, to cut from one to one and a fourth acres of corn per day, another, for want of it, finds it hard work to cut from one-half to three-fourths of an acre in the same time. To this latter class this effort is respectfully dedicated. L.

Kirkville, N. Y., 1861.

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TWO SIMPLE INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

STRAW AS A FERTILIZER.—A correspondent at Verona, (see RURAL of September 21,) asks for information in regard to the use of straw as a fertilizer. He says, "there is a good deal in this section, and the question is, what shall be done with it?"

If there is a good deal of straw, there has been a good deal of grain raised, and this has drawn a large amount from the soil which must be returned in some form, or the farm will become exhausted and "run down." Now, the best way (in my opinion,) to dispose of straw and keep up the land, is to invest a part of the money obtained for the grain in corn, oil-meal, or shorts, obtain a good straw cutter, cut up a portion of the straw, mix a little meal with it and feed it to stock, and use the balance freely for bedding. It is eaten readily and may be advantageously fed to all kinds of stock except milch cows. Horses, especially if affected with the heaves, do better on cut straw and a little grain than on good hay, and the former is much the cheapest feed. (When I say "a *little* grain, I speak of farmers' horses which have little work to do in winter.) Old sheep raisers, who have experimented in that direction, contend that they can winter sheep on straw and a little grain in better condition and at two-thirds the expense of wintering on hay.

JUMPING COLTS.—to the same issue another correspondent inquires how to manage a jumping colt, but he does not want "a lecture on prevention, &c., for that is too late." He probably does not want "a lecture on prevention," fearing some one would advise him to keep a good fence, which might trouble his conscience every time the colt got out; but would it be "too late," if he heeded the counsel, to prevent him from educating another colt in the same way. I contend that the best preventive will go very far toward curing the complaint. I think, if your correspondent will build *good substantial fences*, a light poke, made by bending a piece of timber in the shape of an ox bow, hung upon the colt's neck, will keep it where he can readily find it. H.

Erie Co., N. Y., 1861.

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Rural Spirit of the Press.

Seeding with Clover after Corn.

A WRITER in the *Indiana Farmer* says he has been in the habit for several consecutive seasons, immediately after the last hoeing of corn, (which has been cultivated as level as practicable,) of sowing clover seed by going between each row one way, and carefully scattering the seeds under the leaves and stalks at the rate of fifteen pounds to the acre, and usually with good success. The corn seems to shade the seed sufficiently to protect it from the too powerful heat of the sun, and if the land is in good tilth, a good catch is secured for pasturing or plowing under.

Shakespeare's Description of a Horse.

THERE is not, probably, in the English language a better description of a "well proportioned steed," condensed into so few words, as the following from the pen of the immortal Shakespeare:

> "Round-hoofed, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
> Broad breast, full eyes, small head and nostril wide;
> High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong;
> Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide,—
> Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
> Save a proud rider on so proud a back."

Put Your Buildings in Order.

Now is the time, says the Ohio *Farmer*, to examine all buildings, and repair them, if necessary. Roofs should especially receive attention, and all leaks be effectually stopped. The heavy fall rains will show at once where there is a cracked or rotten shingle. No animal can remain long under a "drop" without suffering severely. Recollect that water let fall on the head of a human being, drop by drop, will in a short time become intolerable, and is one of the most severe tortures ever invented. Do not let your stock, therefore, suffer from this cause.

Nail all loose clapboards at once. A building with one loose board is partly in ruins. Glaze all windows—paper, worn out hats and apparel don't look well in place of panes, and, besides, they give no light, except into the character of the proprietor of the building or his tenant. Save everything snug about all buildings, and leave nothing undone that should be done now.

See that doors are on their hinges, and can shut and open; that windows can be raised or lowered, so that you may air your apartments when necessary and close them tight when this is desirable. By tight, we don't mean that all ventilation should be stopped, but this should be specially provided for. Stove pipes should be put up carefully and well. Many a house is burned down from carelessness or ignorance in fastening or arranging stove pipes. Do all this, and you will feel better for it, and have the approval of your wife for a reward.

About Fall Barley.

FRANK LEE, writing to the *Valley Farmer* from Freedom's Home, Ky., argues thus in favor of the general culture of Fall Barley by farmers:

It has been a matter of surprise to me, why farmers do not raise more barley. It is more profitable than wheat, being nearly thrice as productive, and more productive than oats or rye. Its market price ranges higher than oats, and as high as rye; and the profit per acre over wheat, is from three to eight dollars—and merely as an article of feed it is more profitable than oats. It is better food for horses than corn, not being of such a heating nature, and they will do one-half more work than when fed on corn. It is more nutritious than oats; and when ground and fed to horses and cattle, nothing excels it; and as feed for hogs, it is better than oats or rye—they will fatten on it sooner.

Barley straw is far preferable to wheat straw as winter feed for cattle; and, as far as my experience goes, I prefer it to corn fodder. Cattle well fed on barley straw, will fatten, when they will only keep in living order on wheat straw. Barley straw, to make good feed, should be kept housed, as it is easily damaged, in which state cattle will not eat it.

Another strong argument in favor of raising barley is, that it gives a farmer a chance for a rotation of crops. Wheat sown after barley produces a better crop—barley being an early crop, (at least two or three weeks earlier than wheat,) it gives the weeds a chance to grow, which, when turned under, make a fine coat of manure.

The Check Rein.

WE are glad to note the increasing attention paid to agricultural affairs by that portion of the Press heretofore almost totally devoted to political matters. The Buffalo *Democrat* proposes the emancipation of the horse from the cruelties inflicted by the check rein, and we heartily endorse its remarks. It says:

When Stewpyd harnesses his horse for dragging brick up a grade, the horse's head is pulled back towards his tail and anchored there by the senseless and merciless check rein. The arrangement is unnatural—the animal is constrained by it. He must inevitably lose strength by it, for it disturbs the vital force, and induces an unnatural action in the muscles of the head, neck, shoulders and mouth. There is actually less energy and vigor left for the limbs and chest than there would be if the useless contrivance was jerked off and thrown over the nearest fence. If reason cannot teach this promptly to any man, just let him try the experiment by putting a martingale upon himself and go to wrestling, or putting a check in the jaws of a boxer that shall extend down his back to his belt.

Who beside the British use the check rein, saving their general imitators, the Americans? The French do not use it, the Germans do not, the Indians and Spaniards of South America, who literally live on horseback, and are perfect horsemen, do not, the Spaniards of Europe do not, nor do the Turks. The most observant and most natural people in the world are free from this mischievous error. It is strange to us that the English and ourselves did not, years and years ago, reason upon the constantly witnessed fact, that when a check rein was loosed at a tavern-stoop or to a stable, the poor horse always stretched out his neck and hung down his head. That was his language for saying that the strap hurt and wearied him, and that he was heartily glad to be relieved from it.

The genius that first proposed the mechanical feat of lifting himself up by the breeches, must have been the author of the theory that the check rein held the horse up and kept him from falling. The mechanical action in the two cases must be precisely the same. If the reader will reflect for a moment, he will see that no suspending power can be derived, except from without the animal. A post, tree or beam is just as indispensable to the support of a horse as to the support of a man intent on suicide. A horse can't hang himself up in the air by the terrets on his back, any more than a man can by pulling upwards at his neck-handkerchief.

The check rein should be abolished. It wastes motive power. Its use is unhealthy, for it disturbs the otherwise naturally and equally distributed vital forces. It shortens the life of the horse. It diminishes his speed, and lessens the free and quick action so essential to the animal's safety and that of his driver. Brethren of the press, let us emancipate the horse from the British check rein.

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Inquiries and Answers.

WHAT AILS THE HORSE?—Having been a constant reader of the RURAL for the last four or five years, and having received a great deal of information in regard to diseases and complaints of horses, I have taken the liberty to address you concerning a horse of mine. I have a six-year-old gelding, lame in his hind limbs, sometimes in one, then in the other, and sometimes not at all. He is never lame when first hitched up, but after being driven, sometimes but a little distance and at other times perhaps miles, all at once he will become very lame, hardly touching his foot to the ground, yet you walk him along a mile or so and he will go as well as ever. The first time I ever knew him to be lame was about one year ago, when I was putting in my wheat. My hired man was harrowing with him, when the harrow caught on a stump and stopped the team, and when started he was lame in his left hind limb. I supposed he had sprained his stifle. I took him to the stable and washed with beef brine; kept him in the stable two days and turned him out, drove him some during the winter; was not lame any until last spring, when he commenced going lame, as above stated, and is so now. I can not find any place that is tender or sore, and it never has swollen. He is hearty, and thrives well. Now I wish you, or some of the RURAL readers, to confer a favor upon me by informing me the cause of his lameness and where I can find a remedy, and oblige.—E. P. O., *Medina Center, Mich.*, 1861.

TO PREVENT A COW SUCKING HERSELF.—Having observed several inquiries on this topic, I send you the following:—Lately, in the rural districts, I saw a queer contrivance on a cow. Curiosity, as usual, led me to inquire its use, and not wishing to be selfish with the explanation obtained, I give it to the RURAL. It was a common poke with two of the spears reversed, one on either side of the cow, running back to prevent her turning her head far around. They, the spears, were inclined with the cow's back at an angle of about 45 degrees, to prevent her getting them under her body. This, her owner said, effectually prevented her sucking herself. He had tried all other modes in vain.—C. C. H., *Watertown*.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Gilman's Shoe Store.
Prindle's Patent Agricultural Caldron—B. R. Prindle
Asaph, or the Choir Book—Mason Brothers.
Farm for Sale—E. Willits.
100 Agents Wanted—Rice & Co
Frank Miller's Leather Preservative

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Metropolitan Gift Book Store—J. F. Hone

Rural Notes and Items.

THE RIGHT KIND OF AID.—We are daily receiving very gratifying letters from distant readers, who kindly propose to volunteer in the "RURAL Brigade" for the *Winter Campaign*, their aim being to so far "conquer" their friends and fellow townsmen as to induce them to join the large army of Rural Subscribers. These offers are from all parts of the country, and men of various occupations—farmers, horticulturists, mechanics, merchants, professional men, (especially clergymen and teachers,) bankers, etc.,—and generally proffer aid because the writers believe the paper is doing good in community. Among the latest is one from Yates Co., N. Y., which reads in this wise:—"In noticing your prospectus in last week's paper, I came to the conclusion that perhaps I might help you on a little. Although I am kept very busy and find little time to 'run around' in, yet my business (milling) is such that I am pretty generally known in this town, and the mill which I am now running on my sixth year is in a good locality. The RURAL is taken (as you know) by many here, yet if you will send me a Show Bill to put up in the office in the mill, and a couple of extra papers to hand round, I will see how much good I can do for you—*not for pay*, but because, after taking your paper four years, I am so much pleased with it that I wish every one who does not take it to do so, and see if they will not think it a good investment. With best wishes, believe me," &c.

—Thanks to friends for their appreciation of our efforts, at a time when their kind offices in support of the RURAL will prove most effective and beneficial. We trust others will follow their example, so that the paper will have at least one active voluntary agent in every place where a copy is taken. And though they may work for the good of the cause, we shall endeavor to make some more substantial return than a mere acknowledgment.

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"THE RURAL IS BETTER THAN A DAILY PAPER," said an Allegany subscriber to us a few days ago, "especially for War News, as it is more reliable, and sums up the whole matter once a week." He added that he took a N. Y. daily paper, but found the RURAL more satisfactory and intelligible on the subject of the war—for, unlike the daily, it only published the *confirmed* news, without dealing in rumors and guesses. Many others have, verbally and by letter, expressed the same views, showing that our efforts (ever since the storming of Fort Sumter) to give such a summary that every reader might be fully advised of the great events of the War for the Union, are appreciated by those who discriminate. The maps, portraits, etc., which we have given since the opening of the war, have also attracted attention and commendation—and so long as such news and illustrations are sought by, and instructive to the people, we shall endeavor to furnish them, without asking leave of those contemporaries who lack the requisite enterprise or liberality to supply what is demanded by the people and times.

* * *

A FATAL EQUINE EPIDEMIC is raging in portions of Oneida and Oswego counties. The Rome *Sentinel* says it is of a peculiar nature—that "the animals are first taken stupid and sleepy, lose their appetite entirely, and in the course of three days die. A slight swelling in the region of the nose is the only external abnormal symptom. The affection is called the 'horse disease,' and all remedies or medicines, though they operate as expected, fail to cure or allay the affection." Seven fine animals have died of it in the vicinity of North Bay, and in Oswego county upwards of seventy five have been taken and died. The *Sentinel* says any efficient veterinary surgeon, who possesses an effective remedy for the malady, will reap a profitable reward, and receive the thanks of the farmers, by making himself known.

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"HONOR TO WHOM HONOR," &c.—In my report of the Iowa State Fair, I speak of the Devon bull which took the sweepstakes prize as the best bull of all breeds, saying—"It was given the fine three-years-old bull 'Victor,' got by 'Megunticook,' and bred by F. KIMBALL, of Iowa City." This is an error. The said bull "Victor" is now *owned* by F. KIMBALL, but was bred, and owned until nearly two years old, by O. D. BENT, of Iowa City. Mr. BENT is one of the pioneer Devon herdsmen of Iowa—perhaps *the* pioneer. He has a fine herd, and is an intelligent, reliable breeder. He has contributed largely to the introduction of Devons to different parts of the West, and is constantly distributing fine animals of this hardy stock in Iowa and Wisconsin.—C. D. B.

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SPRUCE UP.—"If you get a moment to spare, *spruce up*—put that gate on its hinges, put a little paint on the picket fence you built last year, trim up about your door-yard, make it cozy and inviting—don't say you can't find time for these things, the fact is you have no right to be slovenly—your wife and children will be the happier, your farm will sell for more money in the market, and will be worth more to you at home if you devote an odd hour now and then to spruce up." So saith the N. H. *Journal of Agriculture*, and the advice should be heeded in other latitudes than New England.

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THE CRAWFORD CO. (PA.,) FAIR, for 1861, proved very successful. We learn that cash premiums to the amount of $950 were awarded. To this sum, after paying all expenses and leaving $200 in the treasury for a rainy day, is added the surplus fund, which is 40 per cent. on the above, making the total amount of premiums this year upwards of $1,300—a larger aggregate than almost any County Society has offered the present year. This speaks well for the cause of Rural Improvement in Western Pennsylvania.

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ABOUT SHEEP.—The *New England Farmer* has a report of a discussion on sheep. One of the speakers says that he keeps a daily journal and knows from his own figures that sheep are easier kept than any thing else that brings the same income. By careful weights and measures of the feed used, he knows that ten sheep can be kept as easily as one cow. He advises keeping a small flock, not of expensive breeds. Poor farmers are almost sure to lose if they try keeping fine blooded stock.

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RURAL GLEANINGS.—*Cotton*, grown in Illinois, which looks finely and is said to be of good quality, has been shown to a Bloomington editor—who avers there is no doubt cotton can be matured there, and that if "secesh" continues it will be.——*The Forage* issued by the Government daily, for use in Washington and vicinity, amounts to 215 tons, and the grain to 150 tons. Uncle Samuel is becoming a large stock feeder.——*The Hog Crop of Ohio* promises to be very large. In the largest hog raising districts, the price asked for porkers is $3 gross, and corn can be bought at from 10 to 20 cents a bushel.——*The Honey Crop of France*, this year, is said to be one of the most abundant ever known. In some hives in the southern provinces there have already been three swarms of bees.——*Michigan Salt* is being made more extensively—the East Saginaw Co. now turning out nine hundred barrels a week.——*Clover cures Hog Cholera*, according to an Iowa paper. It says that in all instances the disease, which is prevailing in that State, has suddenly ceased on turning the hogs into a clover field. This is "important, if true," and worth trying elsewhere.

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HORSE CHESTNUTS FOR SHEEP.—In the vicinity of Geneva, Switzerland, many persons may be seen in the fall gathering the fruit of the horse chestnut, which are sold to stock owners for fattening sheep. The horse chestnuts are thoroughly crushed, like apples for cider. They are then ground in a machine kept solely in Switzerland for this purpose, and about two pounds weight are given to each sheep, morning and evening. Care is taken that too much is not fed at a time, lest heat ensue. It is said to give a fine rich flavor to the meat. Geneva mutton is noted for its flavor.

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THE MCCORMICK REAPER.—The Commissioner of Patents decided against McCormick's application for the extension of his reaper patent of 1847, on the following grounds:—*First*, That the invention is one of great utility and importance to the public. *Second*, That the sum already received by McCormick, and the sums he is entitled to recover from infringements, together, amount to an adequate remuneration, and, therefore, the patent should not be extended.

The News Condenser.

—Parties are boring for coal oil in Humboldt Co., Cal.

—Lemons sold in Philadelphia last week at over ten cents apiece wholesale.

—The demand for stamped newspaper envelopes has exceeded the supply.

—The river Nile has risen unusually high this year, and caused great damage.

—The total loss, killed, wounded, and missing, at the battle of Ball's Bluff, was 953.

—There was a slight fall of snow at Buffalo, on the 24th ult.,—the first this season.

—Lord Monck has assumed the duties of his place as Governor-General of Canada.

—At the siege of Sebastopol, there were 253,042 rounds of cannon ammunition expended.

—A very large sale of butter was made at Detroit, Wednesday week, at 8½ cents per pound.

—The debt of Toronto is more than $2,400,000, of which $600,000 has been spent on railways.

—The election in Western Virginia has resulted in favor of a division of the State of Virginia.

—Thursday, November 21, has been appointed for Thanksgiving day by Gov. Washburn, of Maine.

—A malignant type of diptheria is raging in the northeast part of the town of Carrol, Chautauqua Co.

—The Princess de Solms, a cousin of the Emperor Napoleon, lately died of brain fever at Baden Baden.

—From the 19th of April to Saturday week seventy vessels of war were fitted out in the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

—Cæsar Russell, a colored man, died at Taunton, Mass., on the 27th ult., aged 105. He was 75 years a slave.

—Of the immense number of guns used at Sebastopol, only 41 remained serviceable at the end of the siege.

—Not a life was lost among the blockading squadron at New Orleans in the late attack by the rebels upon it.

—An earthquake was distinctly felt at Calais, Me., at five minutes after eight o'clock, Wednesday morning week.

—On Saturday week, a boat containing 1,300 barrels of flour was sunk in the canal between Newark and Arcadia.

—The blockade of New Orleans is perfect, and there has been no arrival or departure seaward for the last six weeks.

—According to official returns just made up, there are 4,780 soldiers suffering from opthalmia in the Prussian army.

—London, with a population of three million, has six bridges. Paris, with one million inhabitants, has twenty four.

—The average duration of life in France has decreased within the past few years. It used to be 40 years—it is now only 37.

—The last of the celebrated English coaches has been superceded by the opening of the Worcester and Hereford railway.

—There are eleven clergymen holding positions as privates and officers in the Douglas Brigade, now being raised at Chicago.

—The quantity of gas annually manufactured in London is 5,000,000,000 cubic feet—one fourth of which is wasted by leakage.

—The father of the late Col. Ellsworth visited Alexandria, the scene of the latter's murder, for the first time, on Sunday week.

—The captain of the bark General Pike states that he took this season one whale, the largest he ever saw, which made 274 barrels!

—Three contrabands arrived at New York on Thursday week in the steamer McClellan, from Pensacola—a man and two women.

—In Portsmouth, Va., there are from 2,000 to 3,000 persons of strong Union sentiments. The population of the place is 12,000.

—The anticipated cost of the railroads already in progress in India is $250,000,000. Government guarantees five per cent. dividends.

—At St. Louis, the secretary of an insurance company has been discovered to have embezzled $22,000 of the funds of the company.

—The Albany paper states that the tug Syracuse recently towed 58 boats, loaded and unloaded, up the Hudson from New York to Albany.

—The population of Nova Scotia, according to the census just taken, is 300,600, being an increase of 54,552, or about 20 per cent. in ten years.

—Chas. J. Helm arrived in Havana with credentials as Consul from the rebel States. The Captain General refused to admit him as Consul.

—Gen. James Fry, of Ottawa, Ill., has been authorized to raise a regiment of infantry. Gen. Fry served under Gen. Jackson at New Orleans.

—The California State Fair for 1861 shows great improvement in stock breeding, but in the agricultural products there is a marked deterioration.

—The business of the Overland Telegraph Company is already very great. Over 200 messages passed over the line the first day it was opened.

—The Southern journals require a daily supply of 175,000 lbs. of paper, but all the paper mills to which they have access can supply only 75,000 lbs.

—Horatio N. Bush, who died recently at Harrisburg, Pa., bequeathed $10,000 to found a Professorship in Whitestown (Oneida county) Seminary.

—There are more than 50,000 miles of telegraph wires in use in Great Britain. In 1860, the public used them to the extent of 1,781,258 messages.

—Among the blankets received at headquarters for the use of the army, were three captured from British soldiers during the Revolutionary war.

—John Patch, who claimed being the original inventor of the steam screw propeller, died at the poorhouse in Yarmouth, N. S., on the 27th of September.

—There are 68 ships-of-war now under construction at the Royal Dock and other private yards of England, many of which are in a very forward state.

—In Connecticut, the crops are more abundant than they have been for some years, and farmers have been able to gather them without fear of frost.

—The fleet of France, England, and Spain, against Mexico, will carry two thousand guns. This looks like an "efficient blockade," if not something more.

—The army "regulation" horse is 15 to 16 hands high, between 4 and 8 years old, perfectly sound, square trotter, and color bay, brown, black or sorrel.

—A cavalry regiment of 1,200 men at Montpelier, Vt., will proceed to the war in a few days. Allowing 8 horses to a car, it will take 150 cars to carry the horses alone.

—The New Orleans Picayune admits that the braggart, Hollins, was chased up the river by the Richmond—his ram proboscis broken and his machinery disarranged.

—Thirty-six female nurses, including nine of the Sisters of Mercy, left Chicago on the 17th ult. for Jefferson City, Mo., to enter the service of the country.

—The last number of the Medical Journal contains a report from a committee of physicians, which decides that chloroform is dangerous to life, but sulphuric ether not.

—There are 1,200 soldiers in the hospitals in Georgetown and Washington, though quite a number of them are convalescent. The prevailing disease is typhoid fever.

—Application has been made to the Commissioners for the World's Exhibition of 1862 for permission to exhibit "specimens illustrative of the seven ages in the life of a flea."

—The barracks built by Vermont, at Montpelier, were destroyed by an incendiary fire on Thursday week, together with 100 tents, and the house and barn of Edwin Oilman.

—The Fall River News says the army worms have made their appearance in a field of turnips in Westport. The leaves of the turnips have been completely riddled by the worms.

—A copy of Audubon's celebrated work, "The Birds of America," was sold in Montreal, at a book sale last week, for $1,020. The book is very valuable, and sales of it now rare.

HORTICULTURAL.

MANAGEMENT OF SMALL GARDENS.

We have been requested to give some hints on the management of small gardens, and cheerfully comply, for there is no subject of more importance in its bearing upon the future of American Horticulture. It is not a few fine places that show the horticultural taste of a country; this is better exhibited in the small gardens of the million. When we enter a village for the first time, we at once form an opinion of the taste of the people from the condition of the little gardens that meet the view on every side, and not from one or two aristocratic establishments. The most zealous improvers of the day, the men who are doing most for the diffusion of a taste for gardening, are the residents of country towns and villages with their half acre and quarter acre lots, their small and nicely kept lawns, adorned with flowering shrubs, with borders of herbaceous flowers and beds of bulbs and annuals, and a kitchen garden that furnishes an abundant supply of the common vegetables, grown in the best possible manner. A few such gardens in a village exert an influence for good. Imitators soon arise, and the character of the people and the appearance of the town is soon changed. We might specify and show when and where complete revolutions have been effected in this way by a few humble yet intelligent and zealous horticultural workers. Let one farmer in a town where fruit culture has been sadly neglected, commence the work in earnest, plant the choicest varieties, and give his trees the proper care, and how long will it be before he has a dozen imitators?

The first hint needed by all who are about to improve a small place is not to attempt too much. The pleasure of gardening is not in having a great variety, but in growing everything well; and yet almost every one at the commencement is anxious to obtain everything that is considered valuable, and particularly all that is new. This course causes great trouble, some expense, and in the end little satisfaction. The true way is to get a few good and tried plants, and to add to the number as circumstances may make it convenient and proper.

First of all, however, see that the soil is in the proper condition, well drained, mellow and rich. All the money expended on a proper preparation of the soil is well spent. It is hardly possible to do too much in this way. It is the foundation of all after good culture. An error in this respect can never be repaired, at least, without destroying all that has been done and commencing anew. It is like the foundation to a building,—if this is faulty, it matters little how fine the superstructure may be, disappointment and loss is the only result. In a small garden the soil may be got in a proper condition without much expense. If very light and sandy, ashes, plenty of manure, and a little clay will effect a change; if cold and heavy, drainage, ashes, manure, sand and lime will produce a wonderful amelioration. Of course, where possible it is best to obtain a good mellow loam at first, but this cannot always be obtained in the desired situation.

One great error often committed in planting small gardens is to put out trees of too large a growth and too many of them, so that in a few years the garden looks like a young forest. It is difficult to realize when we plant small trees from four to six feet in height, that in a few years they will monopolize the ground for twenty feet in each direction, and so we plant trees with reference to what trees are, and not what they will become. Half a dozen apple trees and the same number of horse chestnuts will fill a common garden, and give no satisfaction. Such trees should be discarded,—at least one is enough. So of the Norway Spruce, a beautiful evergreen, and one on a lawn is a magnificent object, but we often see a dozen planted where there is only sufficient space for one. For the front of the house there is nothing so neat at all seasons as a lawn, and this should not be filled, but embellished merely with a few of the flowering shrubs and small-growing trees, like the Mountain Ash, the Magnolia, the Chinese Arborvitæ, and if space enough, a Norway Spruce.

The fruit garden should be planted with dwarf trees and the small fruits. A supply of winter apples can always be obtained of farmers and fruit-growers. The cultivator of a small garden should, therefore, plant summer and fall varieties of apples, pears, cherries, plums, currants, gooseberries, raspberries, strawberries, &c., that can seldom be obtained in the markets in perfection, and his garden will afford not only pleasure but profit, and an exceeding large amount of good living.

CHARACTERISTICS OF A GOOD GRAPE.

At a late meeting of the Brooklyn Horticultural Society held for conversation or discussion, Dr. C. W. Grant, of Iona, was called upon to answer in full the following question:—"*What are the characteristics needed in a Native Grape to constitute it 'best' as a fruit for the table.*" The reply is reported in full in the *Horticulturist*, and as the grape question is now attracting general attention, and hundreds of worthless varieties are being forced upon cultivators, we give the Doctor's opinion of what constitutes a good grape.

"Those who have eaten grapes no better than the Isabella, or imperfectly-ripened Catawba, have taken grapes as we take the lot of life — a mingling of good and ill, in which, from untoward circumstances, the ill often appears to predominate; at least it is so to those who look for unmingled enjoyment.

Persons who have enjoyed the foreign kinds in their perfection, freely, for a length of time, have generally lost the ability to perceive any good in these native kinds, and characterize them as "bad," or at least not attractive, by the very small amount of good which they can discover, and refuse to partake of them, when, after repeated trial, they find nothing to enjoy, and much that offends.

But, in speaking of their own pure, rich grapes, they use terms of enthusiastic praise, that seem extravagant to those who are either quite ignorant of them, or only at rare intervals taste them, and that with the palate merely, and have not acquired the enlarged ability to enjoy, which, in its full development, comes only from culture and use. They, under favoring circumstances, have apprehended the truth, and speak that which they do know; but this knowledge and enjoyment, with its accompanying elevation and refinement, very few can have if they look only to foreign varieties for it. They are expensive luxuries, and must remain still exotic — beyond the reach of the many. And that this is no matter of regret we shall presently more fully see.

Now let us see what the vices and virtues of our ordinary natives are. If we critically examine a well-ripened Isabella in its best condition, we shall find in about two-thirds of its substance some vinous refreshment, and enough sugar to make it palatable. One-third or more of the central portion is a mass of fibre, and crude, unripe, adhesive substance, consisting chiefly of citric acid. In eating, we pass this by the palate, before it is entirely divested of its mucilaginous and sugary coating, with the swiftness of a bullet in its flight, that it may not offend the taste while we enjoy the better part. The center, besides the acid mass, includes the seeds within it, and this *theoretically* is not only injurious to the health, but extremely dangerous. Practically, extensive experience not only denies the truth of this theorizing, but teaches the direct contrary; and the unanimous opinion of those who have used the Isabella most abundantly in what is considered its fully ripened condition, is, I think, that it is not only not injurious, but even in most cases positively healthful. We must, of course, except rare idiosyncrasies, which can take the grape only in its most refined and concentrated form without injury. The Isabella has, in my opinion, been a friend of humanity, and its mission, which I think nearly accomplished, must be regarded as one of beneficence.

The Catawba, in consequence of not ripening so early, has not been so extensively disseminated, nor so well known, but in all that constitutes goodness of quality, is a far better grape. The Isabella may be characterized as feeble flavored, that is, deficient in tartaric acid, which is the basis of high flavor in grapes. The Isabella is only *apparently* sugary, in consequence of offering but a moderate amount of acid for the sugar to overcome. In quantity of sugar it is much below the Catawba, as it is in tartaric acid. The ground work of high flavor being a large amount of acid overcome or qualified by a larger amount of grape sugar, much else is required to constitute a high degree of excellence; but with a deficiency of these it can not exist.

The Catawba contains a large proportion of both tartaric acid and sugar, when in best condition, and may be called, in contradistinction to the Isabella, a high flavored grape, and rich in the essentials of wine-making, which the Isabella is not. The Catawba is deficient in delicacy and refinement required to give it high finish; but from it, in the climate in which it matures, wine of high character is made, which can not be said of Isabella. From the Isabella an effervescing or sparkling wine is made, but all of the Ohio sparkling wines are made by the addition of sugar, and with that they can be made of any grape, however poor in wine-making qualities.

As a grape for the table, when well-grown and ripened in a suitable climate, and particularly when produced in a long, very dry, hot season in this climate, the Catawba has a high degree of excellence, and in some important points greatly surpasses the feeble flavored (feeble charactered) kinds of Europe, that are held in high estimation there for the table. I speak of the various Sweetwaters, Royal Muscadines, and best of all this family, the renowned Golden Chasselas of France. But it must also be remarked, that these kinds, as grown here under glass, are very different from the same fruits grown in the open air in their own country. Here they are very greatly increased in size, but as greatly deteriorated in quality, so that they may be said to consist mainly of mucilage, sugar, and water, with a slight grape perfume, and are almost entirely devoid of the vinous refreshment which is the crowning excellence of the grape, and necessary to constitute it the fruit of fruits. Even in the best condition in their own country they lack the vital energy that is required for wine, and consequently can not meet the requirements which we demand for a "Best" table grape.

The Catawba may be characterized as sugary, vinous, and refreshing in an eminent degree, and not only wholesome, but positively healthful by its generous nourishing, tonic, and aperient qualities. In its best condition of excellence it is a great favorite with the sick, and particularly with those suffering from nervous and febrile debility.

But with all these excellences, by reason of great defects it falls far below our standard for best. Although less acrid and pungent in its skin than the Isabella, it is never entirely unexceptionable in this respect, nor is it ever altogether devoid of a crude acid center, and always retains a degree of astringency, which, although not prominent unless carefully sought for, will not permit us to call it strictly pure in its vinous flavor; and when tried by the high standard which some of its own offspring afford, it is found to be much wanting in that fine assemblage of qualities that gives completeness and full satisfaction.

Let us now, for a few moments, take up for examination our favorite among the foreign kinds, the Grizzly Frontignan. Here we have a large amount of the acids that lie at the base of excellence in the grape overcome by a very large amount of sugar. (It should be observed that the amount of acids is large in this only in comparison with the foreign kinds before named; for the amount is not large compared with the Pineau or Reislings from which the Clos Vougeot, Hermitage, and Johannisberg wines are made.) But besides this it is rich in the harmonious mingling of all those innumerable qualities which chemistry has sought in vain to detect or describe either in the grapes or in the wine. These constitute a grape of high, finished excellence, which I perhaps should say satisfies at all points, and offends in nothing. Its flesh is of equal consistence to the center, and sufficiently tender, all equally flavored; and its skin is just thick enough and of sufficient strength to safely contain the abundant juice, which is little else than sugary wine. In this are joined in a very high degree, and perhaps equally, excellence for the table and for wine.

We are not ignorant of the fact that there are some who have never made the comparison in the true sense of the word, either from indifference or want of opportunity; and some, with whom nature or circumstances have been very parsimonious in their dealings in not having given them the power of perception to discriminate and enjoy, who have not discovered the great superiority of the Catawba over the Isabella.

To the careless and indifferent I would say, you are neglecting to accept good things that are offered, to the abridgment of your own enjoyment, and if we can induce you to give more attention to this matter, we shall receive your gratitude.

For those who have not the ability to perceive the finer qualities, and can only know things by their asperities and faults, we have a kind, compassionate feeling, but no words of dispute or argument, for we could not be understood by any ability with which we can address them. They can not comprehend what the term grape implies to those of fine and cultivated perceptions.

The Grizzly Frontignan, which we have placed in the class "best," will be regarded as strictly so—that is, without a superior by very many; but those who wish for more active refreshment will seek a grape that will make a rich *dry* wine rather than the sweet Muscatelle, which is the produce of the Frontignans. This may be characterized as sweet and luscious, but not the wine that Paul would have recommended for the stomach's sake. Our own Diana makes a wine of the latter class, pure, rich, eminently refreshing and permanent, as if acting by large nourishment rather than by stimulation, as is the case with those marvelous Rhine wines, not followed by fever, headache, or depression as secondary effects, such as usually follow from sweet, exciting wines, which are drunk to please the palate merely, or the alcoholic, whose object is high excitement. As a grape for the table, pure, rich, and distinctively vinous and refreshing, the Diana, in its best condition, may be considered but little inferior to the Frontignans, only wanting in that uniform tenderness which should be considered indispensable in a perfect grape. In *vinous flavor* it is not, perhaps, equalled by any of the Frontignans, and its high character will be fully recognized in this respect when it becomes better known to the discriminating taste. In the matter of *delicate aroma*, however, the Frontignans may claim a superiority, though this is far from being the first point of excellence, as we have already indicated. The vinous grapes grow most upon the appetite by use, and delight not merely the palate, but the whole man. The Diana, both for the table and for wine, may be said to supply all the defects of the Catawba, to those who have known nothing better, and all pronounce it an exceedingly good grape. Its full measure of goodness must not be expected from very young vines, and this is true of all of the vinous class.

I have adduced numerous examples to show that the elements to be considered in the solution of this question are not few or unimportant. I will cite one more native in which these elements of quality will be found assembled in an unequalled degree of excellence, resulting in nearly equal eminence both for wine and for the table. This is the Delaware, and one important circumstance in regard to it should be noted. It is remarkable for long keeping, and dries readily to raisins, retaining both sugar and vinous life remarkably; but one important portion of its excellence is extremely fugacious, and without care will scarcely be fully retained much more than twenty-four hours. This appears to be the living force by which its components are held in effective junction, and which, when present, affords a peculiar enjoyment beyond that of any other fruit. It was first noted by Professor Warring, who speaks of it as "thrilling him with delight."

If we require the superlative in quality, we must abate something in size, with, perhaps, a seeming exception of the Muscat of Alexandria; but this, when fully understood, does not amount to an exception, unless, as it is grown by the aid of fire heat in a vinery, and even then it lacks the vinous life which is indispensable.

In foreign grapes, *thinness* of skin is an important consideration, because the skin of those kinds is inseparable from the flesh; but in the Americans it separates readily, and is not eaten except in such kinds as Herbemont, Lincoln, Lenoir, and Elsinburg.

Our examination has been lengthened by a strong desire to know and to exhibit both the amount and kind of excellence that may be found in any grape, foreign or native, that we may be just and reasonable as well as comprehensive in stating the characteristics needed and to be expected in a native grape to constitute it "Best" as a fruit for the table.

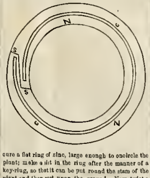
According to our showing, it may be said, 1st, The skin must be without offensiveness in odor or acrid pungency; 2d, That it must be sweet and good to the center; 3d, The elements which constitute its pure, rich, sugary, vinous flavor, must be so perfect in their balance and mingling that the more intimately the grape is known, the more full will be the enjoyment of flavor and refreshment.

Among the foreigners, this may be found in a good degree in the Black Hamburgh, conjoined with great size, but in a superlative degree only in such small kinds as Reisling, etc., which are much smaller in bunch and berry than our own Delaware."

GALVANIC SLUG AND SNAIL SHOCKER.

The following method of destroying slugs and snails we take from the *Gardeners' Chronicle*

"Having a few pet plants which slugs and snails are particularly fond of as food, I have devised the following simple and efficacious mode of protecting them against their and my enemies; and as this plan may be useful to some of your readers, I herewith send you a description of my galvanic circle. Procure a flat ring of zinc, large enough to encircle the plant; make a slit in the ring after the manner of a key-ring, so that it can be put round the stem of the plant and then rest upon the ground. Now twist a copper wire into a ring very nearly of the same circumference as the flat zinc ring, and putting it round the plant, let it rest upon the zinc, as in the illustration. No slug or snail will cross that magic circle; they can drag their slimy way upon the zinc well enough, but let them touch the copper at the same time, and they will receive a galvanic shock sufficient to induce them at once to recoil from the barrier. It will, of course, become evident that mural fruit can in a similar way be protected by fastening along the wall two narrow ribbons of the metal mentioned. Other applications of this principle will doubtless be made in many gardens as the occasions arise. In the illustration Z Z is the zinc, S the slit in it, C the copper wire."



Horticultural Notes.

Wines without Sugar.—Dr. Flagg, of Cincinnati, well known for his connection with Nicholas Longworth in the extensive production of native wines, contributes for the *Country Gentleman*, the following protest against recipes for sugared wines — It is not by mashing up sour, wild, unripe grapes with water, sugar and whiskey, that our farmers are to become wine-growers, however well the mixture may please the palates of unsophisticated [illegible] and children, and hard working men, whose [illegible] knew any other wine than Madeira of American [illegible]ture. Tell them that good wine is never made of sugar in any part of the world, and that to weaken with water, or strengthen with spirits is downright wickedness. The grapes must be fully ripe, dropping off ripe, and to render them so the vines must grow on stakes or very low trellises. The expressed juice must then be put into clean "wine green" casks, and cared for very much in the same way good cider is managed. This done faithfully, and the product will be wine that will not ferment over again in the stomach, deranging the liver and muddling the brain.

All tricks of adulteration and debasement our people will take to naturally enough by mere virtue of their nationality, and without being told. After they shall have learned how to make good, pure wine, then they may, for home use, make a cheap beverage in the following way. Into a large cask fling the cheese from the wine press, after all the juice is extracted, or else well mashed wild grapes of good flavor till the cask is half or two thirds full; then fill up with water and add one pound of sugar to the gallon of water; let the fermentation begin and complete its work in the cask, and then draw off the clear wine and put it away in as cold a cellar as you have, and keep it well filled and closed up. Drink it within the year

Fruits Received.—I send you by express a few Bunker Hill apples, a universal favorite in this vicinity. In season for cooking the 1st of August, and retains its flavor till January. Tree hardy, an early and abundant bearer; fruit always good size and very fair. Please give your opinion of the quality to the Rural.—J. L. Cady, *Waterville, N. Y., Oct. 29, 1861*.

With the above we received a box of apples, something like Seek-No-Further in form and size, skin greenish, striped with red in the sun; flesh very white and tender, like Fameuse, but not sufficiently high flavored, we think, to make it worthy of general culture.

Eds. Rural:—Please accept a specimen of the *Hyslop Crab Apple*. It is considered here one of the finest of fruit and ornamental trees. It is fine in growing and abundant in bearing. The fruit is covered with a white bloom, and unsurpassed for jellies and pickling.—H. A. Condar, *Whitewater, Wisconsin, Sept. 27, 1861*.

With the above we received some very handsome specimens of Crab Apples, larger than the Large Red Siberian Crab, and very highly and beautifully colored. This is no doubt a valuable variety of the Crab family.

The Culture of Hyacinths in Water.—In Butler & McCulloch's (of Covent Garden) catalogue of Dutch and Cape Bulbs just received, we find the following useful advice: Place the bulb on the top, and fill the glass with pure rain or soft water, so as almost to touch its base. The glasses should then be placed in a perfectly dark, cool, but not damp situation, and, in the course of three or four weeks, the bulbs will have become sufficiently rooted, and may be removed to the light. In all cases a flower stand or table close to the window is the most desirable position, nevertheless the hyacinth may be grown successfully on the mantel piece, or on the center-table of the room, provided there be sufficient light. The Dutch have another very interesting mode of culture— they take a flat dish, either crystal or porcelain, about the depth of a soup plate, and, according to its size, place 3, 6, 9 or 12 strong healthy bulbs in about half an inch of water in a few days the roots begin to spread out horizontally, and so clasp each other, that, in the course of a few weeks, they form a natural support for the group The bulbs may or may not be covered with moss.

Annual Meeting of the Illinois State Horticultural Society.—The annual meeting of the above named Society is to be held at Bryan Hall, Chicago, commencing Tuesday, December 3d, 1861, and continuing four days. Most of the railroads terminating in this city have agreed to pass members and others attending the meeting at half fare. Effort will be made to secure to visitors the hospitality of the citizens. It is believed that the meeting will be largely attended, and one of the most interesting in the history of the Society. It is especially urged that orchardists in the West attend it; prepared not only to give information of a practical character, but to exhibit specimens of their orchard products. And let all meritorious seedlings be brought for examination. The discussions of the Society have always been interesting and profitable; and these reunions of its members among the most delightful of the year. We hope also to meet and greet here many of the Eastern pomological *savans*. The invitation to be present is cordially extended to *all*, East and West, North and South.—C. D. B.

Rosin for the Green Fly, &c.—A writer in the *Revue Horticole* reports that, thinking tobacco smoke too expensive a remedy for the green fly on his peach trees, he had had recourse to that of rosin, which he found answered just as well, at a far smaller cost

In the same periodical, M. Carriere speaks of a hardy bamboo, named *Bambusa viridiglaucescens*, which seems to be a plant of much promise. From the figure that is given of it, we judge it to have a very graceful, drooping habit, producing numerous laterals, covered with foliage, and having an appearance quite unlike that of *B. Metake*, which has now so fully established its claims to hardiness in this country. It is said to grow four yards high and more, with deep, dull green canes, and fine, broad taper-pointed leaves, of a shining green color on the upper side, but covered with a rich bloom beneath. The native country is unknown, but it is believed to be the north of China. M. Carriere considers it by far the finest bamboo yet known

The Delaware.—Mr Samuel B. Parsons, of Flushing, writing from Brattleborough, Vt., says. "I saw at Springfield a Delaware vine three years planted, bearing *one hundred and sixty* bunches, many of them five inches in length." That will do, even for the Delaware.—*Horticulturist*.

Inquiries and Answers.

Flowers for Boquets.—Every one who has a good flower garden, I judge, has a large number of visitors and plenty of friends, and if all who call do not expect, all would like a nice bouquet. It is hardly possible for a kind-hearted man, like myself, who likes to make every one happy, to refuse such favors, especially to ladies and children, particularly as such presents afford as much happiness to the giver as the receiver, and perhaps more. The good gardener often feels in his heart the truth of the Scripture, which says it is "more blessed to give than to receive." Now, although some flowers are not injured by cutting moderately, yet my calls are so numerous that I sometimes leave the flower beds unpleasantly bare, and I have determined next year to plant a few beds of showy, sweet flowers, that will yield abundantly, for the sole purpose of using them in making little impromptu bouquets for my visitors, so that no one shall go empty away. The labor will be but little, the cost almost nothing, and the pleasure and thanks I shall receive will make it a profitable investment. I would like the names of half a dozen varieties the most suitable for the purpose — of course they must be annuals, or such as will flower the first summer.—Amateur, *November*, 1861.

In the first place, you will need a good bed of Mignonette to give its delightful fragrance to your bouquets. Sweet Peas will give both fragrance and beauty, and they now present such a variety of colors, from white to the darkest purple, as to be indispensable for the purpose designated. Indeed, with the aid of a few leaves, they form no mean bouquet alone, and will furnish any amount of flowers during the whole season. Ten-Week Stocks are delightfully fragrant, free bloomers, of every imaginable shade of red and purple, copper-colored lilac, and pure white. At the present time, (November 2,) after several pretty hard frosts, our beds are giving plenty of flowers, though they commenced blooming freely the first part of July. *Phlox Drummondii* will give you abundance of flowers of exquisite beauty and brilliancy, and a good variety of colors. The above will furnish all the fragrance required, and every color but yellow and orange. Them will be supplied by the Coreopsis, or the Gaillardia, or it may be well to plant both. A brilliant light blue may be obtained from from the Double Tall Larkspur.

The above suggest themselves as being the most suitable for the purposes of "Amateur," as they are all hardy, vigorous, free bloomers, during the whole season, showy, with abundance of fragrance, and a good variety of colors.

Trimming Apple and Peach Trees.—Is it as well for apple and peach trees to trim them at this season as in the spring? —S., *Kingsville, O.*, 1861.

In March, as soon as the severe frosts are over, is the time we prefer.

Domestic Economy.

ABOUT ORNAMENTAL STOVES.

I wish all of you stove-makers and manufacturers would leave all the beading and figures and flowers and "tifflicks" out of your patterns. It would save you a deal of expense and trouble, and us housekeepers much vexation and loss of time. I refer more particularly to cook stoves. Some may wish parlor stoves ornamented,—and when they first come from the shop they do look beautiful,—but as soon as they get full of dust, and begin to be dull, we never again can make them look as well,—or I cannot. Besides, it is very hard work, and dirty work, to black and polish stoves; and the more they are cut up with flowers, &c., the harder to polish.

But I never want my cook stove blacked, and always keep it bright and clean by wiping or washing. The way some people have of blacking a cook stove, with all the grease and muss they will get on them during cooking, was never to my taste or ideas of neatness. But in washing, one cannot get a cloth into all the little nooks and crevices of the various devices. Why can we not have plain cook stoves, simply ornamented with cornice work, or fluted edge, around doors, hearths and seams. You can't think how much easier it would be to take care of them,— at least, such is my experience. L—y P—d.

CAKES, COOKIES, &c.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Your good paper finds its way to our home every week, and I take much pleasure in reading it, especially the "Domestic" column. I have a few good recipes which I wish to give in return for the many good ones from which I have derived benefit:

White Sponge Cake.—Whites of eight eggs, beat to a light froth; add one and a half tumbler of pulverized sugar; one tumbler of flour; three-fourths teaspoonful cream tartar, mixed well in the flour.

Cheap Fruit Cake.—One and one half cup sugar; one cup butter; three eggs; three tablespoonfuls sour milk; one half teaspoonful soda; one cup of raisins; one-half cup of black raspberry jam. Add more fruit if you like it.

Soda Fried Cakes.—One cup of sugar; one of sweet milk; two tablespoonfuls lard; one egg; two teaspoonfuls cream tartar; one teaspoonful soda.

Good Cookies without Eggs.—Two cups sugar; one of sour milk; two thirds cup of butter; one teaspoonful soda; a little caraway seed.

Hard Soap.—Will some of the readers of the Rural please send a recipe for making hard soap, and oblige, Mrs. S. L. A.
Flint, Mich., 1861

Leaf Wreaths.—Having seen a request in the Rural for the *modus operandi* of making "Leaf Wreaths," &c., I give you my method. In the first place, gathering the leaves is an important feature; they are much more brilliant some years than they are at the same season of other years. Small leaves are the prettiest, and any fine sprays and grasses which you may find are a decided improvement. Green leaves interspersed make a variety which is one of its chief beauties. The leaves must be gathered dry and laid in a book to press until wanted for use. When ready to form your wreath, make a circle on your *Bristol* board for the center of your leaves. Then gum them on the under side, and, commencing at the top, place them carefully on the paper. Lay the wreath in a press until it is perfectly dry, then with a small paint brush varnish the leaves with any transparent varnish.—A "Rural" Reader, *Batavia, N. Y.*, 1861.

Grease Spots.—The following is from the *Agriculturist*:—Many of these eyesores may be removed for a sixpence invested in French chalk. Susanne, of Brooklyn, gives as an example, that her four-year-old carried a nice edition of Cowper into the kitchen and dabbed it into the butter plate. She scraped some of the French chalk over the spots of grease, and in an hour afterward brushed off the powder, and put on a fresh dose, leaving it three or four hours, when Cowper was himself again. "The same application operates equally well upon greased clothing, though sometimes two or three applications may be needed. The French chalk (clay) can be obtained at any drug store."

Pumpkin Preserves.—An excellent and economical sweetmeat is thus prepared. To 7 lbs. of pumpkin, take 5 lbs. of sugar, 4 lemons, and 2 ozs. of green ginger root, to be obtained at most grocers' stores. Cut the pumpkin in slices, half an inch in thickness, and in size and form to suit the fancy. Boil the pumpkin in the sirup until tender; then remove it, and add the lemons and ginger root. These should be sliced thinly and scalded before being put into the sirup. Boil it down until it is rich enough to keep without fermenting, and then pour it over the pumpkin. If the ginger root cannot be obtained, lemons alone impart to it an agreeable flavor.—*Valley Farmer*.

Pot Pies.—Make a crust like soda biscuit, i. e., take one quart of flour, half a pint of milk, butter size of an egg, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar in the flour, one teaspoonful of soda in the milk. Mix well together, and drop into your chicken, or veal, or beef stew, when the stew is boiling. I will warrant you light crust. A better way to cook it is to cut into biscuits, lay on a large plate, and set it in the steamer, over the stew, to cook. Lay on the platter with your meat, and pour over the seasoned and thickened gravy, and you have something a little better than common.

Apple Jelly.—In looking over the pages of the Rural I noticed an inquiry for a recipe to make apple jelly. I send one which I have tried and found to be a good one. Take sour apples, slice them up without paring, boil till tender, then strain, and take three pints and a half of juice to one of sugar.—Sophrona J. Cox, *Bloomington, Ill.*

Cement for the Tops of Bottles or Jars.—Take equal parts of rosin and brick dust, pounded fine, and a lump of beeswax. Stew them together and keep in an old tin, melting it when you want to seal your jars.

Quince and Apple Jelly.—Will some kind reader of the Rural tell their modes of making Apple Butter, Apple Jelly, and Quince Jelly, and oblige — S. A. C., *Chicago, Ill.*, 1861.

[Special Notice.]
Misfortune.—This is a world of misfortune, and one of the saddest to a good housekeeper is to be afflicted with heavy, sour bread, biscuit, &c. If you are ever troubled in this way, get D. B. De Land & Co.'s Chemical Saleratus, when you will be surprised by its charming results in removing the cause of your misfortune.

Ladies' Department.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

BE THE SOUTH WIND TO ME?

BY J. BELL JENNINGS.

THE soft South wind is stealing
O'er mountain and o'er lea,
The vesper bells are pealing
Out on the calm blue sea;
And hosts of seamen worshipers
Bow the bared brow and knee;
All love the South Wind's kiss.
"*Be the South Wind to me?*"

The *cirri*, long and sweeping,
Float up the azure field;
The sweet spring flowers, in sleeping,
Their fragrant perfumes yield.
Each with a kindly, loving grace,
Sends out its incense free,
Holding the rest in warm embrace.
"*Be the Sweet flower to me?*"

Each memory now is teeming
With Hopes and Scenes of old,
And like life's jewels gleaming
Are those bright dreams of gold.
But Time is onward fleeting—
Let these past dreamings be—
Let "Hope" and "Love" be wedded.
Be the Fond Hope to me?

New Castle, Lawrence Co., Penn., 1861

* * *

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SUGGESTIVE RURAL LETTER.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—How I do love to sit down and peruse thy paper's pages in the evening, after the toils of the day—a luxury that I would wish every man around me could enjoy. But why murmur?

"If ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

In vain have I attempted to introduce your valuable paper, as well as others, but with poor success. Mine, and those of my two laboring men, are the only three taken in this whole neighborhood, which is indeed speaking poorly for my surroundings.

As I consider your paper one that cheers the fireside of many a happy home, and lacks not in Scientific, Natural, and Mechanical subjects, it becomes the organ for the million. We are of one race in a measure, and in my humble opinion there is no one subject to interest man more than the study of *man*; and just in such a paper as the RURAL do we find every act, every play, and every scene of domestic life portrayed; often so vividly that it carries me back to childhood, and in the next place sets me exactly where I now stand—a trifle over the summit of life—or, in other words, past the middle of an old age. But to the subject which I had intended.

Here I am, in a fertile region as healthy as can be found in the country, surrounded with all the fruits "of my own raising." Evergreens to break the high winds around my dwelling, with flowers and shrubbery, such as will cheer the eye at all seasons of their time. Just land enough to raise my own bread, or rather for self and wife, together with six children and a goodly sprinkling of visitors, who are glad to see and who can very nearly always find us at home. My visiting is of a very limited range; find plenty to do at home, and can find no place abroad that seems quite so comfortable.

The question may be asked, "What do all of you do?" The first thing in the morning is to get up and make the fire—"we keep no help in the house"—then go out and work until breakfast. "Why don't your wife or oldest children make the fire?" some may ask. Simply because I choose to do it. My wife gets up, prepares breakfast, while the oldest daughter, thirteen, dresses the little ones, and all come down to breakfast together. Here let me say, that the man who does not provide his house with fuel of the right kind, so that a fire is quickly kindled and easily kept up, deserves a poorly cooked meal—a thing which, thank GOD, I have never reason to complain of, and for which blessing I can do a great deal which some men might consider beneath a man's notice. My oldest daughter can bake as good bread as man need ever wish to break and eat, and can cook an excellent dinner without any assistance, which I consider nothing to boast of, but well know that too many of that age care nothing about domestic affairs.

Now for a rainy day; and lest some might think your subscriber is one of those henpecked fellows who only writes to relieve himself of a burden heavy on his mind, let me state that in my house the old and even now prevalent custom of putting away the stoves at a certain time in the spring, there to remain until the chilling blasts of autumn makes one shiver, is an "act" never yet "passed" in this establishment. Nor shall it be so long as I am ruler of my own house. My "better half" thought at first it was out of order to have a stove standing all summer in a room; but she has long since come to the conclusion that it is a great comfort. In our latitude there is scarcely one month during the whole summer but has a few chilly, wet days; and oh! how chilly they are if you have no place to go to keep warm. Where this stove stands is *my* room, which opens into the parlor, and when the company is large it is also occupied as a part thereof. Here is my library and a sort of fruit store; this latter will draw the most fastidious out of the other room. In this room my little boys have their sports when the weather is too severe for them to be out of doors.

We live plain in household matters as well as in dress, and aim at no distinction; yet we receive company of high respectability and standing in society, who can come here, throwing off all formality and etiquette, and it does my heart good to see them enjoy themselves in a free and easy manner.

This is not written to make our abode appear like a paradise, by no means. We have carried one out of our family to the grave, have had sickness and calamities befall us, quite a full share, and have family troubles as well as other people; but if in this communication there is a hint or suggestion that will be of use to others, then my object is attained. Since we have ripe fruit the whole year round, use no saleratus or soda, or at least very little, but little of candies, much less meat than most of our neighbors, we have been blessed with remarkably good health, (the doctor says distressingly so,) which I attribute to these abstinences. If this be worthy of a place in your columns it is at your service. POMONA.

Sunny Side, Pa., Oct., 1861.

* * *

THE HEART AND THE TONGUE.—The cure of an evil tongue must be done at the heart. The weights and wheels are there, and the clock strikes according to their motion. A guileful heart makes a guileful tongue and lips. It is the work-house wherein is the forge of deceits and slanders; and the tongue is only the outer shop where they are vended, and the door of it. Such ware as is made within, such, and no other, can come out.—*Leighton.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SWEET HOME.

WHAT a charm rests upon that endearing word, home,—consecrated by domestic love, that golden key to all human happiness. There a father welcomes with fond affection,—there a brother's kind sympathies comfort in the hour of distress,—there a pious mother first taught infant lips to lisp the name of JESUS,—and there a loving sister dwells, she the companion of our early days. Truly, if there is a place that is lovely here below, it is home,—it is like the oasis of the desert. The passing of our days may be painful, our path may be overrun with sorrow and care, unkindness and frowns may wither the joyousness of the heart, may efface the happy smiles from the brow and bedew life's path with tears; yet when the memory hovers over the past, there is no place in which it so delights to linger as around the scenes of childhood and home. It is the star of our existence.

What cheers the mariner when far away from friends, in a foreign land, or tossed upon the bounding billows as he paces the deck at midnight alone? What thoughts fill his breast? He is thinking of the loved ones far away in his own dear home. In his mental vision he sees the group of friends seated around the fireside, and in his imagination he hears their voices united in singing the sweet songs which he loves. He is anticipating the hour when he shall return to his native land and greet those absent friends so dear to his heart.

Why rests that deep shadow upon the stranger's brow, as he seats himself amid the family circle? He is surrounded by all the luxuries that wealth can afford. Happy faces gather about him and strive, yet vainly, to win a smile. Ah! he is thinking of the loved ones assembled in his own cot. Why those tears which steal down the cheeks of that young and lovely girl, as she mingles in the social circle? Ah! she is an orphan; she, too, had a happy home, but its loved ones are now sleeping in yonder churchyard. The gentle mother that watched over her in infancy, and sung that low sweet song which none but a mother can sing, who in girlhood taught her of the SAVIOR, and tuned her youthful voice to sing praises to His name, has passed from earth to the mansions of joy above, and is mingling her song with those of angels in heaven. Poor one! she is now left to tread the thorny path of life, a lonely, homeless wanderer.

Thus it is in this world of changes. The objects most dear are snatched away. We are oft-times deprived of the friends we most love, and our cherished home is made desolate. "Passing away" is engraved on all earthly things; but there is a Home that knows no change,—where separation is unknown,—where those afflicted ones of this world may obtain relief for all their griefs, and where the sighs and tears of earth are exchanged for joys unending. This home is found in heaven.

In the shadowy past there is one sweet thought which the storms of life can never wither,—it is the recollection of home. Yes, and in the visioned future there is a star whose golden lustre never fades; it is given to the good ones of this earth,—it is the hope of home,—a home beyond the skies.

Norway, Herk. Co., N. Y., 1861. O. E. A.

* * *

WOMAN'S VENERATION.

IF women have one weakness more marked than men, it is towards veneration. They are born worshipers—makers of silver shrines for some divinity or other, which of course, they always think fell straight down from heaven. The first step towards their falling in love with an ordinary mortal is generally to dress him out with all manner of real or fancied superiority; and, having made him up, they worship him. Now, a truly great man, a man really grand and noble in art and intellect, has this advantage with women, that he is an idol ready made to hand; and so that very painstaking and ingenious sex have less labor in getting him up, and can be ready to worship him on shorter notice. In particular is this the case where a sacred profession and a moral supremacy are added to the intellectual. Just think of the career of celebrated preachers and divines in all ages. Have they not stood like the image of "Nebuchadnezzar the king set up," and all womankind, coquettes and flirts not excepted, been ready to fall down and worship, even before the sound of cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, and so forth. Is not the faithful Paula, with her beautiful face, prostrate in reverence, before poor, old, lean, haggard, dying St. Jerome, in the most splendid painting of the world, an emblem and a sign of woman's eternal power of self-sacrifice to what she deems noblest in man? Does not old Richard Baxter tell us, with delightful single-heartedness, how his wife fell in love with him first, spite of his long, pale face; and how she confessed, dear soul, after many years of married life, that she had found him less sour and bitter than she expected? The fact is, women are burdened with fealty, faith, reverence, more than they know what to do with; they stand like a hedge of sweet peas, throwing out fluttering tendrils everywhere for something high and strong to climb up by, and when they find it, be it ever so rough in the bark, they catch upon it. And instances are not wanting of those who have turned away from the flattery of admirers to prostrate themselves at the feet of a genuine hero, who never wooed them, except by heroic deeds and the rhetoric of noble life.—*The Minister's Wooing.*

* * *

INFLUENCE OF SISTERS.—"That man has grown up among kind and affectionate sisters," I once heard a lady of much observation and experience remark.

"And why do you think that?" I asked.

"Because of the rich development of all the tender feelings of the heart which are so much apparent in every word."

A sister's influence is felt even in manhood's later years; and the heart of him who has grown cold with its chilling contact with the world will warm and thrill with pure enjoyment, as some incident awakes within him the tones and glad melodies of his sister's voice; and he will turn from his purposes which a warped and false philosophy has reasoned into expediency, and weep for the gentler influence which moved him in his earlier years.

* * *

A LADY BACHELOR.—Among the candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Letters, during the present academical session in Lyons, France, was a young lady, who, being compelled by a reverse of fortune to become a governess, has had the perseverance to carry her studies much further than usual for her sex. She passed through the first examinations with great credit, and there is every probability that she will be the first *bachelière* admitted by the University of France.

Choice Miscellany.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

TWILIGHT MEMORIES.

BY CLARA F. VAWSER.

WHEN the sun in splendor has sunk to rest
'Mong the downy clouds of the glowing west,
And bright-fringed curtains of gold and rose
'Round his couch of crimson in glory close,
When all in beauty each sparkling ray
From his gorgeous pavilion fades away,
And one by one from the pure, far skies,
The stars look forth with their clear, calm eyes,
While afar in the dusky vale is heard
The plaintive note of the lone night bird,
And a solemn awe with the gathering shade
A holy hush on each lip has laid,
Till the busy pulse of care grows still,
And the heart o'erflows, and the "eyelids fill,"
While hovering spirits whisper low
Of the dead—the distant—and "long ago;"—
Oh, then, as we pensively wander back,
Retracing our footsteps along life's track,
Through the shadowy twilight of vanished years,
Now bright with sunshine, now dim with tears,
What a throng of hallowed memories come
From the olden time—of our early home,
With its joyous band, whose scattered feet
No more on this sunny earth will meet—
Of the flowery vale, with its winding stream
And willowy bowers, where we loved to dream
How happy and famous we yet should be
In days we were destined to *never* see—
Of dim old forests, with lonely nooks
And mossy lounges, where sweet old books
Beguiled the hours with a magic spell
Till the last day-beam bade the west farewell—
Of the aspirations of ardent youth,
With its trusting faith and confiding truth,
Ere we had learned that hearts grow cold,
And that which "*most* glitters" is oft "not gold."

Anon we linger to breathe a sigh,
Where hopes once cherished in ruin lie;
Or broken links in affection's chain
That Time can never unite again.

And often, how often, we pause to weep
O'er the grass-grown patches where comrades sleep,
Who wearied of walking life's dusty road,
And lay down to rest in the silent abode.

As memory lingers above each bed,
Recalling the lovely—forever fled—
The fondest, the dearest, the brightest, the best,
Whose smiles made our pathway so sunny and blest—
Who, meekly fading, ere faint noonday,
Dropped one by one from the busy way,
Till our first companions have all, gone down,
And left us to journey on, nearly alone—
Oh, then for a spirit's wings we sigh,
Away from this changing scene to fly
To realms where fond ones ne'er say farewell,
But, undivided, forever dwell.

* * *

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

DIFFERENCES.

PEOPLE must differ; if every body were willing to have it so to a certain degree, there would be less bigotry and exclusiveness in the world. Although truth never contradicts itself, it is often developed in a diversity of ways and in the tastes, manners, and feelings; of men there is great room for differences. Many are hard to be reconciled to this; to them truth lies in one direction, and they are impatient and ready to condemn those who choose to look another way. They wish to confine everybody's vision to the line of light they have discovered, not considering that the broad light of truth shines all around. They fix the gaze upon a single point until their eyes become so blinded they are incapable of discerning truth from error.

There are no two faces alike, no two voices pitched to exactly the same key, no two minds alike in their impulses and powers,—so it is needless to expect people to act and think alike. The orator can influence thousands of people to smiles or tears, and a looker on might say they all felt the same. There is a similarity in their emotions, through the power of social sympathy, and from the fact that all minds have elements in common; yet the speaker, in reality, addresses each person as a separate individual, and upon his power to effect a variety of minds depends his success. There is something in the constitution of every one which makes him differ from all besides, and of this he is fully conscious in the "silent hour of inward thought." Eloquent appeals awaken, in the listeners' minds, varied feelings, even as the musician's hand brings out different tones from the different keys of his instrument. What a wide range and variety of thought do we find even among those of the same class. What differences among authors. YOUNG says,

"Life is war,
Eternal war with woe"

Another poet affirms

"'Tis peace and love, with never a war,
Excepting what fools may wage."

How shall we reconcile BANCROFT's assertion that "A star would as soon depart from its orbit as WASHINGTON from his integrity," with the acknowledged truth that all men are liable to do wrong? Shall we believe CLARENDON, in the English Encyclopædia, when he says that "CHARLES the First was the best private gentleman, the best father, and the best Christian in England;" or shall we credit MACAULEY's assertion that "he was an unscrupulous and unlucky dissembler?"

One writer tells us to rise above the common-place things around us, and presses upon us the example of the illustrious dead. Another assures us that in the faithful performance of the smallest duties, we may achieve more heroic victories than a WELLINGTON on the field of battle. Writers are only observers and chroniclers of human actions and opinions. Finding such a diversity of thought and conduct, and often viewing the same objects from different stand points, it is no wonder we find so many differences in their productions. How, in the midst of such a variety, shall we know the truth? We must examine with discernment and candor, without any regard to the prejudices we may have formed, avoiding credulity on the one hand, and exclusiveness on the other. Good and evil, truth and error, are strangely intermingled in this world, though not on terms of friendly intercourse.—As foes in battle, they meet to win the day, and this conflict is going on in every thinking mind. But with pure principles and an enlightened reason, we may safely walk along life's uncertain way, achieving for ourselves the victory over wrong and error, and gaining at last an entrance into the world of eternal truth and purity. M. D.

Wisconsin, Oct., 1861.

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"PASSING ONE'S TIME."—There is no saying shocks me so much as that which I hear very often, "that a man does not know how to pass his time." It would have been ill spoken by Methuselah in the nine hundred and sixty-ninth year of his life.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

NEVER GIVE UP.

"If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again."

YES, I'll try again,—and the boy went on fashioning and fitting, toiling patiently, hopefully, until at last the little vessel was completed. Then, as he launched it upon the waves, and watched its white sails filling with the wind, and the little flag streaming gallantly from the mast-head, while an exulting smile played over his features, he exclaimed, I was sure I *could do it*,—and "I'll never give up again, no, never."

If all possessed the spirit of that boy, would there not be more successful triumphs, and *less successful failures* among us? Victory ever supports the standard that bears upon its banner this brave motto,—"never give up."

ALEXANDER did not conquer the whole world by *one* bold invasion of his mighty armies. Nor can we expect to conquer all difficulties by *one* effort, strong and resolute though that effort be. "Life is but a strife," a continual, never ending strife, and we must bring to bear against its great army of doubts, fears, and discouragements, patience, perseverance, hope; these, supported by faith, and all wielding that mightiest of weapons, prayer, will triumph in the conflict,—surely, gloriously triumph. "Never give up." Everything can be accomplished by the energy of a resolute will. Ye who will may share the favors of fortune,—ye who will may wear the glory-wreath of fame. Nay, all who will, may be honored, great, and good, for "GOD always helps those who help themselves." Weary and discouraged one, the star of hope is not dimmed that thou canst not see it,—the path to prosperity and happiness is not blocked with obstacles that thou canst not tread it. Remove the blindness from thine eyes, and take courage to thine heart, thou wilt overcome at last,—only never give up. Fallen and degraded one, even to thee is the promise, "my strength is sufficient." Lay hold upon it, cling to it as thy only hope, and it will draw thee onward and upward in the path of purity and peace.

Oh, let us "never give up." The path of duty lies more in sunshine than in shadow,—it is oftener strewn with roses than thorns,—its entrance may sometimes be shrouded in darkness, but it terminates in light, even in glory. We have but to follow it faithfully, resolutely, as many have followed it before us, to reap some portion of the reward given to the faithful even here on earth. Surely, if happiness in life, comfort in death, a home in heaven, and a crown of glory are *all lost* by the ungirding of the Christian armor, even for a moment, should we not bind it on with firmer hand, and renew life's battle boldly every day "until the victory's won."

Geneva, N. Y., 1861. E. H. FOSS.

* * *

MERIT AND SUCCESS.

EXTREME popularity in this country and age appears a very arbitrary thing. I defy any person to predict *a priori*, what book, or song, or play, or picture is to become the rage—to utterly transcend all competition. I believe, indeed, that there cannot be popularity, for even a short time, without some kind or degree of merit to deserve it; and in any case there is no other standard to which one can appeal, than the deliberate judgment of the mass of educated persons. If you are quite convinced that a thing is bad, which all such think good, why of course you are wrong. If you honestly think Shakspeare a fool, you are aware you must be mistaken. And so if a book, or a picture, or a play, or a song, be really good, and if it be properly brought before the public notice, you may as a general rule predict that it will attain a certain measure of success. But the inexplicable thing, the thing of which I am unable to trace the law, is extreme success. How is it that one thing shoots ahead of everything else of the same class, and without being materially better, or even materially different, leaves everything else out of sight behind? If twenty novels of nearly equal merit are published, it is not impossible that one shall dart ahead of the remaining nineteen; that it shall be found in every library; that Mr. Mudie shall announce that he has 0,250 copies of it; that it shall be the talk of every circle, its incidents set to music, its plot dramatized; that it shall count readers by thousands, while others count readers by scores; while yet one cannot really see why any of the others might not have taken its place. The will of the sovereign people has decided that so it shall be. And as likings and dislikings in most cases are things strongly felt, but impossible to account for even by the person who feels them, so it is with the enormous admiration, regard and success which fall to the lot of many to whom popularity is success.—*Country Parson.*

* * *

FALSE PROVERBS.

"A YOUNG fellow must sow his wild oats." In all the wide range of British maxims, there is none, take it for all in all, more thoroughly abominable than this one as to the sowing of wild oats. Look at it on what side you will, and I will defy you to make anything but a devil's maxim of it. Whatever man, be he young, old, or middle-aged, sows, *that* and nothing else shall he reap. The one only thing to do with wild oats, is to put them carefully into the hottest part of the fire, and get them burnt to dust, every seed of them. If you sow them, no matter in what ground, up they will come, with long tough roots like couch grass, and luxuriant stalks and leaves, as sure as there is a sun in heaven—a crop which it turns one's heart cold to think of. The devil, too, whose special crop they are, will see that they thrive, and you and nobody else will have to reap them; and no common reaping will get them out of the soil, which must be dug down deep again and again. Well for you if, with all your care, you can make the ground sweet again by your dying day. "Boys will be boys," is not much better, but that has a true side to it; but this encouragement to the sowing of wild oats is simply devilish, for it means that a young man is to give way to the temptations and follow the lusts of his age. What are we to do with the wild oats of manhood and old age—with ambition, overreaching, the false weights, hardness, suspicion, avarice—if the wild oats of youth are to be sown and not burnt? What possible distinction can we draw between them? If we may sow the one, why not the other?—*Tom Brown at Oxford.*

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THERE are two modes of establishing our reputation; to be praised by honest men, and to be abused by rogues. It is best, however, to secure the former, because it will be invariably accompanied by the latter. His calumniation is not only the greatest benefit a rogue can confer upon us, but it is also the only service he will perform for nothing.

Sabbath Musings.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

FLOATING AWAY.

THE leaves are afloat on the river
This sunny autumnal day,
Now gliding, now tossed by the wavelets,
Or down in the eddies at play

There are some that are crimson to beauty,
There are some that are faded and old;
Yet alike are they all passing onward
As fast as the moments are told.

Thus adown Life's magical river
Our barks forever and aye,
Like those leaves of the chill frosty Autumn,
Are floating and gliding away

For Time is the fast-flowing river,
And the waves are the hours of the day;
They are usually drifting us onward,
We are floating forever away.

They are drifting us down to the Ocean,
To Eternity's fathomless sea,
And my heart thrills with strange, dread emotion,
While I dream what the future may be.

Shall our barks, in some moment unguarded,
If 'neath a dark storm-cloud we're lost,
Be o'ercast by the waves of temptation,
And we and our frail barks be lost?

Or shall we glide safe to the harbor,
And enter the haven of rest,
And with Life's toilsome voyage all over,
Find a home in the realm of the blest?

Greenfield, Penn., 1861. IRVING.

* * *

DEFECTIVE PRAYERS.

TRUE prayer has power with God. It brings to the weakest Christian the aid of an omnipotent Helper, and is always answered, though often in ways quite otherwise than those anticipated or even desired. But there is a vast difference between the forms and the spirit of prayer, and many who feel that their prayers accomplish little, may learn the reason in the following suggestions:

1. Those which embody no desire. They are formal and lifeless. The soul will not be easily pacified when it has a great desire which cries out for something God alone can give.

2. Such as are not earnest. Prayer is real work for life, while yet disclaiming all personal power to secure it or merit it.

3. Such as are without faith. There are three grounds for faith in approach to God. 1. His covenant. 2. His promises. 3. His attributes. Surely upon one or the other the confidence of the petitioner may rest unshaken.

4. Such as are made in wrath. The heart which secures favor from God must love manhood. It must put away all wrath, and malice, and evil speaking. It must forgive and bless as it would be forgiven and blessed.

5. Such as are connected with a disposition to live in sin. "If I regard iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me."

6. An unwillingness to do the will of God. Many a man dares not ask for the coming in of the Holy Spirit, lest it reprove him for some long-neglected duty. If we pray for light, we must accept its revelations; for strength, the duties it imposes.

7. The lack of praise to God. Thanklessness shuts God out,—is a non-conductor of mercy. We do not praise God half enough.

8. Praying to be seen and heard of men. Prayers for human ears have little audience in Divine ones.

* * *

GOD REIGNS.

IN the darkness and uncertainty of the present time, this truth should cheer and encourage the Christian. That He has often permitted evil, we know to be a fact. The reason why He does so, is a problem we are not able to solve. But we do know that He has not only declared that He has power to restrain and control it, but He has often proved that He has this power. As volcanoes and hurricanes are often terrible in their effects, yet they are made to subserve important purposes in the arrangements of our earth; so God also causes the wrath of man to praise Him, and at the same time proves to him that He has supreme control. For illustration of this fact, we need look no further than Pharaoh, King of Egypt, to the accusers of Daniel, and to the murderers of Jesus Christ. And amid the storm that now rages, we should remember that God still rules. He holds the hearts of all men in His hand, and their acts are altogether under His control. He is not the author of evil, but He can overrule it for good. "The Lord Omnipotent reigneth," and we may and ought to exercise confidence in Him, that He will control the present storm; will bring good out of it; will accomplish His own purposes in connection with it, and will cause it, in the end, to tend to the establishment of the Government which some are seeking to destroy, and to the spreading of those principles of liberty which they desire to check.

* * *

VANITY OF LIFE.—When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies within me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet the grief of parents on a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tombs of parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions and debates of mankind; when I read the dates of the tombs of some that died but yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all be cotemporaries, and make our appearance together.

* * *

JUST as the bleak weather sends us into our homes, and makes us thankful for the warmth and shelter we lately slighted, so separations, sorrows, felt infirmity, will send us back into those faithful sayings, and will make us gladly retreat into the truth of the Gospel—a Gospel which has brought life and immortality to light, and which over against nature's death and desolation reveals an endless life, a deathless Savior, an eternal God.

* * *

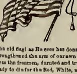
READING THE BIBLE.—I will answer for it, the longer you read the Bible, the more you will like it; it will grow sweeter and sweeter; and the more you get into the spirit of it, the more you will get into the spirit of Christ.—*Romaine.*

* * *

GOOD temper is like a sunny day; it sheds a brightness over everything; it is the sweetener of toil and the soother of disquietude.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



"God bless the old flag! as He ever has done
Since He strengthened the arm of our own WASHINGTON;
And God bless the freemen, devoted and true,
Who are ready to die for the Red, White, and Blue!"

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 9, 1861.

PROCLAMATION,

By EDWIN D. MORGAN, Governor of the State of New York.

Amid the tramp of armies, the sound of fratricidal strife, and lamentation for the fallen, we still behold the merciful arm of the Ruler of the Universe made bare for our protection. Though a suicidal war, stimulated by leaders of faction, and waged with all the power of a great and misguided people, weighs like the hand of death upon the national energies, and throws its dark shadow over the Land; though this nation, so recently prospering under Heaven's brightest smile, and advancing with gigantic steps toward greatness and power, has been arrested in its progress, and is suffering the deep humiliation and blighting influence of a murderous civil war, yet we have infinite cause for thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God. Disease has been stayed from the fireside and the camp; internal order has prevailed; plenty has abounded; liberty of conscience remains unabridged; ordinary pursuits have been uninterrupted; our national rights are respected; partisan animosities are fast burning out, and the spirit of fraternal affection has been beautifully manifest throughout a wide extent of our common country. Though composed of the representatives of many nations, a general calamity has revealed our strong homogeneity, has served to obliterate prejudices, has moved all alike by the same patriotic emotion. All, alike, have responded to the call to arm our imperiled institutions. The marvelous energy which the crisis calls forth proves our national spirit to be unabated, our vigor unwasted, and gives promise, under the blessings of God, of a higher position in all that constitutes true national greatness. Though evils follow the train of armies, yet for these we have a great compensation in the fact that the exposures and expenditures incident to war will necessarily counteract the tendency of the age to effeminacy and luxury.

In this hour of affliction, though we may not presume to lift the veil which mercifully hides the future, yet we believe that, in the wondrous plan of God, if we but humbly bow before Him and acknowledge our National sins, Infinite Wisdom will work out for this great tribulation a marked and permanent good; and the startling evidence of the human affairs taught us in the lessons of the year will tend to sadden our hearts, and that this noble Union, the work of men inspired by the loftiest patriotism, the wonder of the world, and the glory of this Nation, will be preserved. For the blessings seen by us, and for those which in the providence of God are vouchsafed unto us, but which mortal eye cannot discern, we should make our public acknowledgment.

Therefore, I, EDWIN D. MORGAN, Governor of the State of New York, do appoint THURSDAY, THE TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY OF NOVEMBER next, as a day of Praise, Thanksgiving, and Prayer, to Almighty God; and I do earnestly recommend that the people of this State do, on that day, abstain from their usual occupations, and assembling in their respective places of worship, unite in humble expressions of gratitude to Him from whom we derive all blessings, and to whom we look for a restoration of peace to our beloved country.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto affixed the privy Seal of this State, at the city of Albany, this first day [L. S.] of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one.

By the Governor, EDWIN D. MORGAN.

Lockwood L. Doty, Private Secretary.

THE WAR'S PROGRESS.

FACTS, SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

The Mammoth Bakery at Washington.

We do not suppose that wars, and the majority of the scenes connected therewith, have a peculiar charm for wives and mothers, yet we clip from the Washington *Republican* one that we think will interest them. Just think what batches of bread are turned out at the Washington Bakery,—what a family of brawny boys Gen. McClellan is obliged to feed, and what terrible appetites they possess:

Yesterday morning we paid a visit to the government bakery in the basement of the capitol building, and were much surprised at the sights that we there saw. On entering the lower door, immediately behind the fountain, we found ourselves in the presence of the indefatigable superintendent, Lieut. T. J. Cate, formerly of the sixth Massachusetts regiment, but now of the sixteenth regiment U. S. Infantry, who was busily employed, as well as his clerks and assistants, Messrs. W. H. Mitchell and C. O. Merrill, of Lawrence, Massachusetts. We, however, secured the services of a friend, and commenced our tour of inspection.

We first visited the vault under the rotunda, which is used as a store-room for the immense quantity of flour which is daily being received. The wagons are constantly kept busy delivering their loads under the eastern portico, from whence the barrels are rolled into the vault. Whenever the flour is needed it is slided down to the floor below. The amount of flour constantly in this room is between four and eight thousand barrels.

Retracing our steps, we came again to the vicinity of the fountain, where we found eight ovens in full operation, turning out about 20,000 loaves of bread every twenty-four hours. The bread is of the best quality, and each loaf weighs 22 ounces. There are 40 bakers employed at these ovens, who have on one or two occasions, when pressed, run out 24,000 loaves per day.

Adjacent to these ovens are two rooms, one on each side of the entrance, from which the bread is delivered. It may not be uninteresting to know the form in use. When the requisition is sent by a quartermaster to the Subsistence Department for the rations for his regiment, an order is drawn for the bread on Lieut. Cate, to whom the driver of the wagon presents it, and is furnished with a ticket, which is handed in at the delivery window, and the bread is forthwith passed out on smooth boards to the wagons.

The mess room and the kitchen is also on this floor, and the hands, to the number of 160, here take their meals. This department is superintended by Mr. Levi M. Pierce, formerly of the 8th Massachusetts Regiment, and the cleanly appearance observable, as well as the well-ordered meals set out, give indisputable evidence that he "can keep a hotel."

Outside of the building, in the vaults heretofore used for the stowing of fuel, we find six double sized ovens built, employing ten bakers each, and capable of turning out 48,000 loaves per day, but at present averaging about 30,000. Near by are two other rooms, in which eight men are constantly employed in making yeast, of which about 1450 gallons is made per day.

The bakers are all under the foremanship of Mr. John H. Sowersby, a baker of seventeen years' experience, of Wilmington, Massachusetts.

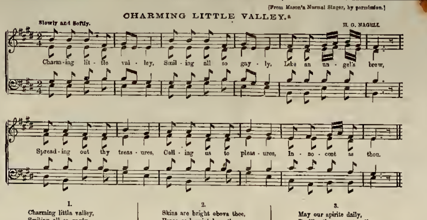
The total number of persons about the establishment is one hundred and sixty, of which about one hundred are employed in baking bread, thirteen delivering it, eight making yeast, six in the cook room, six splitting wood, four in the store-room, three watchmen, twelve teamsters, and the others as clerks, runners and extra hands. Of the whole number employed, about fifty are from the North, the balance being our own citizens. The pay-roll for the last month amounted to over $6,000. The hands are divided into four classes, the best of which get $42 per month, with rations, and inferior ones $35, $38, and $40 each.

Too much praise cannot be awarded to Lieut. Cate, to whose judgment and experience much of the success of the bakery is due. The establishment is attached to the Subsistence Department, of which Major Beckwith, assisted by Lieut. S. C. Green, A. A. C. S., has charge. The depot to which the bakery is attached is in the Post Office Building, from whence the troops now on this side of the river receive all their supplies, excepting bread, which is procured from here or one of the other minor bakeries, of which there are some eight or ten in the city.

(From Mason's Normal Singer, by permission.)

CHARMING LITTLE VALLEY.*

Slowly and Softly. H. G. NAGELI.


Charm-ing lit-tle val-ley, Smil-ing all so gay-ly, Like an an-gel's brow,
Spread-ing out thy treas-ures, Call-ing us to pleas-ures, In-no-cent as thou.

1.
Charming little valley,
Smiling all so gayly,
Like an angel's brow,
Spreading out thy treasures,
Calling us to pleasures,
Innocent as thou.

2.
Skies are bright above thee,
Peace and quiet love thee,
Tranquil little dell;
In thy fragrant bowers,
Twining wreaths of flowers,
Love and friendship dwell.

3.
May our spirits daily,
Be like thee, sweet valley,
Tranquil and serene;
Emblems to us given,
Of the vales of heaven,
Ever bright and green.

* This is one of NAGELI'S most beautiful little songs. It is equally adapted to the old as to the young; where there is a *pure* and *gentle spirit*, it can never fail to please. See also "THE MEADOW SPRING."

Santa Rosa Island Battle—Official Report.

We have already given the rebel story concerning this battle, together with the first news reaching us from loyal sources, and now give such portions of the Official Report as are of particular interest.

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF FLORIDA, Oct. 11th

COLONEL:—I briefly reported to you on the 9th inst., that the rebels had landed on this island, partially destroyed the camp of the 6th regiment of New York Volunteers, and had been driven off by our troops. I now report in more detail the results of the attack for better understanding of the several movements. * * * Wilson's camp was near the sea coast, a short mile from the fort. The two batteries spoken of in his report, and to which he retreated, Batteries Lincoln and Totten, are, the first on the harbor, and the other one on the Gulf side, about four hundred yards from Fort Pickens.

About 2 o'clock on the morning of the 9th, I was awakened by the officer of the day, who stated that a picket driven in had reported the landing of sixty men on the point. Having little confidence in the correctness of this report, I directed that no alarm should be made, and shortly after he reported the alarm was false. About 3½ o'clock he again reported volleys of musketry were heard at the camp of the 6th regiment of New York Volunteers. I immediately ordered the roll to be beaten.

Major Vodges took two companies and proceeded to the spot. About one half hour after this time the firing was heavy and the light of the burning camp was seen, and I sent a staff officer to communicate with Maj. Vodges, who returned soon and said he had fallen in with a very large body of the enemy on the inside shore, and could not find the Major. I immediately directed Maj. Arnold to proceed to support Major Vodges with three companies, and at the same time sent an order to Col. Wilson to advance and attack the enemy; also dispatched a staff officer on board the steamer McClellan to take a position opposite the landing place and open on the enemy; but unfortunately at the same time directed him to go to the vessel Potomac and ask for some men to assist him in case landing was necessary. Capt. Powell directed him to tow his ships to the scene of action, which so delayed him that he did not arrive until after the enemy had vacated. Capt. Powell acted from the best of motives, and under ordinary circumstances, from correct principles, but the result was unfortunate, as the McClellan could have driven the rebel steamers away, and we must have made prisoners of the attacking force.

At the request of Major Arnold, late in the morning I sent forward a large field gun, which, however, did not reach until after the affair was over. As I mention, only briefly, the volunteers, I respectfully refer to the official report of the Colonel of the regiment. The pickets of this regiment and the guards sustained the principal if not the entire loss, and behaved well. Capt. Daly's company, on duty with the regulars, did good service, and the Captain is spoken of by Major Arnold in terms of high approbation. He had two men killed. Capt. Bailey's company E, at a battery and not called out, was performing his appropriate duty during the fight.

Major Vodges, with company A, 1st artillery, and a company of the 3d infantry, proceeded behind the Spanish fort, where, from the obscurity of the night, he found himself and command completely intermingled with the enemy. He was immediately recognized and made prisoner, the command devolving on Capt. Hildt, of the 3d infantry, who disengaged his command from their perilous position and opened a heavy fire on the enemy, and finally forced them to retreat,—he being ably supported by Lieut. Seeley, my Assistant Adjutant General, who volunteered for the occasion,—with a loss of ten killed. Maj. Arnold at this moment came up, and the enemy retreating, followed on. During this time, Major Tower and Lieut. Jackson, whom I had successively sent on to push forward the Zouaves, succeeded in getting some collected, and Col. Wilson also advanced, the enemy retreating. Maj. Arnold and Capt. Robertson and Lieut. Shipley's company promptly followed and attacked them as they were embarking, the other companies arriving upon the ground successively. Capt. Robertson opened a heavy fire at short musket range on the crowded masses, and Lieut. Shipley some fifteen minutes later joined him, and their fire must have been effective. This continued as long as they were in range. When they got beyond it the Major ordered the men to cease firing and give them three cheers, to which there was no response. During the time Maj. Tower came up with two small companies of Zouaves, and Col. Wilson with a portion of his regiment. When it is considered that less than 200 regulars and some 50 volunteers pursued five times their number four miles and expelled them under a heavy fire from the island they had desecrated, it will, I trust, be considered an evidence of their having gallantly performed their duty.

The plan of attack by the enemy was judicious, and if executed with ordinary ability it might have resulted in a serious loss; but he failed in all save the burning of one-half of the tents of the 6th regiment, which being covered with bushes were very combustible, also rifling the trunks of the officers. He did not reach within 500 yards of either of the batteries, the guns of which he was to spike, or within a mile of the fort he was to enter pell-mell with the fugitives retreating before his victorious arms.

I have now in my possession nine spikes taken from the bodies of the dead, destined for our guns.

Our loss is of regulars, 4 killed, 20 wounded—mostly very slightly—and 8 missing, among whom is Maj. Vodges. Of the 6th N. Y. volunteers, 10 killed, 9 wounded, and 16 missing.

The enemy lost, as known to us, 14 killed, including one Captain, and 7 wounded, including one Lieutenant. Two have since died, and 5 officers and 22 enlisted men prisoners; and as he was known to have carried off some of his dead and probably most of his wounded, those in our hands being severely so, unable to be removed, and as the heaviest loss is supposed to have been in the boats at the re-embarkation, it was probably three times as great in killed and wounded as I have named. * * * I estimate the force of the enemy at 1,200 or 1,500, having closely observed them through a fine telescope as they retreated. The two steamers and a large barge of equal size, and five or six launches, were all crowded with troops. The estimate of officers is 1,500 from personal observation.

I am, Colonel, very respectfully yours,
HARVEY BROWN, Col. Com.

To Col. E. D. TOWNSEND, Ass't Adj. Gen., Washington.

The Fight at Fredericktown.

THE fight at Fredericktown, Missouri, on the 17th ult., of which we have heretofore made brief mention, was a very severe one. A correspondent of the St. Louis *Democrat* writes as follows:

Late in the evening re-enforcements arrived, consisting of six companies of Major Gavitt's Indiana cavalry and five companies of infantry, under Col. Alexander of the Twenty-first Illinois. Thursday morning, at daylight, while on the march, the advance guard, under Lieut. E. Francis, of Capt. Hawkins' command, was soon among the enemy. Slight skirmishing commenced, Capt. Hawkins coming up with the balance of his command, supported by the whole battalion of Major Gavitt, when there was some clean running done by the rebels. For two miles the road was strewn with blankets, saddles, shotguns, rifles, hats, caps, &c. Near town the enemy were in considerable force in the woods, thickets and brush, and attacked our main force, doing considerable damage before they were driven from their position. Major Gavitt charged upon them, driving them in every direction, wounding many and killing three, also several horses were taken. In this charge Captain Hawkins' Company sustained a severe loss. Lieut. Francis fell from his horse and was carried off mortally wounded. Several of his men were dangerously wounded, and it is thought will not recover. This company, with but few exceptions, were of raw recruits, never having been under fire before, yet they stood up like soldiers, receiving and giving volley after volley. In the attack Captain Hawkins received a shot in the knee; his horse was shot in twelve places. Major Gavitt had one man killed and several wounded. The infantry having come up, and feeling confident of being attacked by a very superior force, Colonel Alexander ordered the command to fall back on more advantageous ground. As they were withdrawing they found the enemy were pursuing in force. Col. Alexander then threw out three or four companies in ambush. The remainder commenced a hasty retreat, and the enemy supposing a victory close at hand, ran into the trap and were completely routed, leaving the road strewn with dead men and horses. It was impossible to ascertain the number killed of the enemy in the entire engagement, as they were scattered all through the woods, though it does not fall short of fifty. During the night, the entire force of Col. Alexander fell back to Pilot Knob. No advance has since been made in that direction.

The Victory at Romney.

THE forces under General Kelley are believed to have comprised, among others, the third and seventh Virginia regiments, one Ohio regiment, and the regiments commanded by Colonels Moss, Thorburn and Ziegler. The third Virginia regiment is commanded by Colonel Hughes, C. E. Swearingen Major. The above six regiments have for some time past been performing guard duty between Grafton and Cumberland.

By this movement upon Romney, the secession forces in the valley of the Shenandoah are outflanked, and Winchester, only twenty-five miles from this point, is seriously menaced. By this route Manassas can be completely turned, or a march made upon Richmond through Staunton, without regard to Beauregard's army. It is doubtful, however, whether Kelley has sufficient force to do more than maintain himself. If he has more than enough, there will be a forward movement upon Winchester. The crossing of the river at Edward's Ferry, by Stone's column, was evidently intended to be in concert with General Kelley's advance from the North-West, in the same general direction.

Romney is situated in a bowl of mountains. There are rich, fertile valleys running along their bases. The country surrounding is productive of the cereals. The town itself is one of the most thriving in that part of Virginia. Many of the inhabitants still long for a restoration of the old Union. It can be easily fortified and held. But its possession, except as a point to guard the rear of an advancing column, is of little military importance. Winchester is the strategetic point of that region.

Col. Wallace's Indiana Zouaves early in June last, while stationed at Cumberland, made a dash upon a party of Confederate troops stationed at this point, and took all their camp equipage and a large quantity of arms, and routed them completely.

General Kelley, who commanded the Federal troops in the attack, was born in Deerfield, N. H., was educated at West Point, and for thirteen years previous to entering upon active service in the present war, was a resident of Philadelphia. During nine years of that period he filled the position of freight agent of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company. The determination of his former comrades in Wheeling to aid the Government in crushing the rebellion, and a telegram from them requesting him to take command, led him to resign his situation, and within twenty-four hours after receiving the telegraphic message, he was *en route* for Western Virginia. Soon after his arrival, he proceeded to Grafton and dispersed the rebels, and from thence marched to Phillippa, where the enemy was again surprised and defeated. In the latter engagement Colonel Kelley was badly wounded. While lying upon his bed of pain, he was appointed Brigadier-General, and recently was assigned to the command of the division comprising Harper's Ferry and New River districts. The wound received by General Kelley at Phillippa could not have been perfectly healed when he again took the field, as on the 8th ult. it had broken out in the shape of a painful carbuncle, just below where the ball had entered.

Recapture of Lexington.

FROM the St. Louis *Democrat* we gather the following account of the recapture of Lexington by Capt. Kehoe, and the rescue of Cols. White and Grover, together with others of our wounded, who were there held as prisoners:

A short time since Gen. Fremont placed in my hands a picked body of men, the finest in his cavalry command, and dispatched me to scout over those parts of the country most infested by the rebels. I arrived at Georgetown a short time since, and waited for supplies until the 15th inst. As I was on the point of leaving for the Osage, a messenger from Col. White, lying wounded at Lexington, was met by Col. Hovey, Twenty-fourth Indiana, who commanded at Georgetown, the messenger saying that the rebels were killing our wounded and committing the most fearful depredations. Col. White wrote that if he was not rescued from their hands within twenty-four hours, that he and the other officers would be assassinated.

Col. Hovey came to me and asked whether I would join a command of four hundred men and cut our way through to Lexington. My men unanimously volunteered, but just as we were starting, a dispatch came from Gen. Hunter, ordering Col. Hovey, with his whole command, to march to Tipton. I was thus left alone, having but one hundred and sixty cavalry with me. But my men were determined to go through, and at this moment Col. Eads, who had a few men under his command, nobly came forward and offered the services of himself and eighty of his men. In an hour our preparations were complete, and late at night, in the midst of a terrible rain, we started. My force consisted of my own Co., C; Co. F, Capt. Chas. Fairbanks; the Irish Dragoons, Capt. P. Naughton, and eighty men under Lieut. Pease. Col. Eads accompanied us. Our total was not more than two hundred and twenty. We made a forced march, and passed through a country filled with guerrilla bands, successfully reaching the rebel pickets around Lexington early the following morning. Our advance guard charged gallantly on the pickets and drove them into Lexington. We captured more than twenty secessionists in our march, and so complete was our surprise that the rebels in Lexington fled in every direction. We took possession of the town, and camped on the site of Price's headquarters, on the Fair Grounds.

When Mrs. White and Mrs. Grover met us at the door of the house where their husbands lay nearly dying, the scene was most affecting. The Union men left by persecution in Lexington trooped around us. We seized the ferry-boats, and this morning seized the steamboat "Florence." Cols. White and Grover were placed on board, and in a few moments will start for home and safety.

Lexington, for the last two days, has been in a terrible condition. Shelby and Martin, two outlaws, have had their troops in town till their ignominious flight at our approach. A Mr. White, a wounded prisoner, was taken by Martin from his bed, shot in cold blood, and his body left on the road until eaten by the hogs. His wife rescued his remains. A scene of terror reigned, and but for our arrival, Cols. White and Grover would have met with a like fate. Thank God the American flag is again floating over Lexington. We made thirty prisoners, recovered some of Marshall's horses and equipments, and captured fifteen to twenty guns.

The Great Naval Expedition.

FROM time to time we have noted various movements toward the concentration of this vast force, and now give the particulars more at detail, as we find them reported by the New York Press:

NAVAL BRANCH OF THE EXPEDITION.—The expedition is the joint work of the Navy and War Departments. It was meant to have been ready by the middle of September; and the Navy Department had its vessels ready then. It was, however, impossible to get ready the immense material of the expedition by that time; and though everybody concerned worked most diligently, it was only on October 13th that the transports were laden, and the final shipment of troops ready to be begun. The naval part of the expedition is under command of Commodore J. F. Dupont, one of the ablest officers of our navy. He is of New Jersey by birth, but is now a citizen of Delaware, belonging to the family of Duponts, who are well known as powder manufacturers. Capt. Dupont entered the navy December 19th, 1815. He has therefore been in the service forty-six years; of which twenty-two have been passed in service at sea, and eight years and a half in shore duty.

The fleet captain is Commodore Charles H. Davis, who stands in the revised navy list nearly at the head of the commanders. He is a native of Massachusetts, entered the service in 1823, has seen eighteen years' sea service, and was last Superintendent of the Nautical Almanac, and engaged in other special duty at Washington. He is counted among the ablest and most skillful officers in the service. The flag lieutenant, the remaining officer of the Commodore's staff, is Lieutenant S. W. Preston, a Canadian by birth, and a citizen of Illinois, from which State he entered the service in 1857.

Capt. L. M. Goldsborough, who is in command of the Northern half of the Atlantic blockading squadron, will also take an active part in aiding the expedition. He was born in the District of Columbia, and entered the service from Maryland, of which State he is a citizen, in 1812. He has been seventeen years at sea and eleven years on shore duty, and was last in command of the Congress frigate. His present ship is the Minnesota.

The expedition consists of the following vessels:

Steamers.	*Guns.*	*Commanders.*
Flag ship Wabash	53	C. P. R. Rodgers.
Ship Minnesota	47	L. M. Goldsboro.
Ship Roanoke	54	John Marston.
Sailing Vessels.	*Guns.*	*Commanders.*
Frigate St. Lawrence	50	H. Y. Purviance
Sloop of war Vandalia	20	S. P. Lee
Sloop of war Jamestown	22	J. P. Greene.
Sloop of war Cumberland	24	——
Sloop of war Savannah	24	——
Sloop of war Dale	16	——
Gunboats.		*Commanders.*
Albatross		——
Alabama		E. Lanier
Augusta		E. G. Parrott.
Curlew		J. H. Watmough.
Dale		——
Florida		J. R. Goldsborough.
Harriet Lane		——
Iroquois		——
Isaac Smith		J. W. A. Nicholson.
James Adger		J. B. Marchand.
Mohican		S. W. Godon.
Monticello		——.
Mount Vernon		——.
New London		——.
Ottawa		Thomas H. Stevens.
Pawnee		R. H. Wyman.
Pembina		J. P. Bankhead.
Penguin		Budd.
Pocahontas		P. Drayton.
Quaker City		——
R. B. Forbes		H. S. Newcomb.
Seminole		J. P. Gillis.
Seneca		Daniel Ammen.
Unadilla		N. Collins.
Yankee		——
Young America		——

The gun boats generally carry a 11-inch Dahlgren forward, and are armed besides with one rifled gun and from two to four 24-pounders.

FERRY BOATS.—The ferry boats are capable of carrying from five hundred to nine hundred men, and are generally armed with six guns each. The following is a list of those sent with the expedition:

FERRY BOATS.

Baltimore,
Ellen,
Philadelphia,
Stepping Stones,
Com. Perry,
Ethan Allen,
Pocahontas,
Whitehall.
Eagle,
Mayflower,
Star,

TRANSPORTS.

Steamers.	*Tons*	*Draft, ft.*	*Commanders*
Ariel	1295	14	Terry.
Atlantic	2346	20¾	——
Alabama	1261	13½	——
Baltic	2723	21	——
Belvidere	1000	—	Phillips.
Ben Deford	1080	—	——
Champion	——	—	——
Cahawba	1643	11	Baker.
Coatzacoalcos	1800	8	Bocock.
Daniel Webster	1035	11	Johnson.
De Soto	1675	15	——
Empire City	1751	14	Baxter.
Ericsson	1902	16	Cowles.
Florida	1261	16	——
Illinois	2123	16	Rathbun.
Locust Point	462	10	French
Marion	800	12	Phillips.
Matanzas	676	—	Leesburg.
Mercedita	1070	10	——
Ocean Queen	2802	16	Seabury.
Oriental	1000	—	Tuzo.
Parkersburg	716	10	——
Philadelphia	1238	11	Barton.
Potomac	448	—	Hillard.
Roanoke	1071	10	Couch.
Santiago de Cuba	1850	16	——.
Spalding	——	—	——
Star of the South	960	—	Kearney.
Vanderbilt	3360	20	Le Fevre.
Winfield Scott	——	—	——

SAILING VESSELS.

	Tonnage.		*Tonnage.*
Great Republic	3356	Zenas Coffin	333
Ocean Express	1697	Golden Eagle	1120
Courier	——	Gem of the Seas	——

All of the transports are fully armed, and have a crew on board to work the guns. Several transports were added to the fleet at Fortress Monroe, and the entire Atlantic squadron will co-operate with the expedition. The expedition consists, in all, of 80 vessels. Of these three are steam frigates, six others are sailing men-of-war, twenty-six are gun boats, twelve ferry boats, and thirty steam and six sailing transports.

LAND FORCES.—Of the army forces we can give no complete account. A portion of the troops were detailed from Gen. McClellan's army, but other regiments sailed directly from New York, more from Boston, and a few, we understand, from other points between these cities. The regiments, so far as we were able to ascertain, were given in our last issue, but as the whole expedition was prepared with the utmost secrecy, and many of the regiments kept in Northern camps to the last moment, our list is necessarily incomplete.

The land forces are under command of Gen. Thos. W. Sherman, an able and distinguished officer, who entered West Point in 1832, was Second Lieutenant of the Third Artillery in 1836, Assistant Commissary of Subsistence in 1837, First Lieutenant in 1836, and Captain in May, 1846. He is distinguished as an artillery officer, Sherman's battery having gained fame in the Mexican war. Captain Sherman was breveted "for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Buena Vista." He is a native of Rhode Island. Gen. Sherman's headquarters are on board the steamer Atlantic, which carries over 1,200 troops besides her own crew.

Three brigades of the land force are commanded by Gens. Viele, Stevens and Wright.

Egbert L. Viele was graduated from the West Point Military Academy in the year 1846, and was a classmate of Gen. McClellan. He served in the Mexican war, and in 1843 resigned his commission to accept the position of Chief Engineer of the State of New Jersey. Since then he has been Engineer-in-Chief of the Central Park in New York city and Brooklyn. In the early part of the rebellion he organized a battalion of two hundred men, and followed the Seventh regiment to Washington. He is considered an able and experienced officer, and at thirty-six years of age ranks as a Brigadier-General.

Isaac Ingalls Stevens, who is General in command of the Seventh Brigade, was graduated at West Point in 1839, and entered the corps of engineers. He resigned in 1853 to accept the appointment of Governor of Washington Territory, and was elected as Representative to Congress in 1857.

Gen. Stevens was in Mexico, and was breveted Captain for gallant and meritorious conduct at Cherubusco, and was breveted Major at Chapultepec, Sept. 13, 1847. He was severely wounded on the same day.

Horatio Gates Wright, commanding the Third brigade, was graduated at West Point in 1837, and appointed a lieutenant in the engineer's crops in 1841. Since his graduation he has been an assistant professor at the United States Military Academy, and has the reputation of being a superior engineer and thoroughly efficient officer.

Supplies.—The material outfit of the expedition includes a vast variety of objects, which, when enumerated, prove what knowledge and careful forethought is needed in those who superintend the operations. It may be said that it contains almost everything which a community would gather and take along if it were about to found a colony in some deserted island of the ocean.

First and most necessary comes food. Besides the rations provided for the troops while they shall remain on board, the transports bear at least three and a half months supplies of food of every kind for the great army which is to be landed. One ship carries out a cargo of water; and the department has already chartered and laden other vessels to send down further supplies of live stock, and other needed provisions.

The Ocean Queen and other steamers take out, besides troops, such articles as shovels, picks, hoes, two wheel carts, brick, cement, grindstones, lumber, prepared frames of houses and barracks, ready to be set up, cross-cut saws, immense quantities of sand bags, beams, &c., &c.

Besides the two wheeled dumping carts already mentioned, there are also a great number of hand carts and barrows, especially of the latter. Of course every tool needed in constructing earthworks is found in this immense *omnium gatherum*.

Three or four transports are partially laden with brick, mostly fire-brick. These are probably to be used, in conjunction with the fine Cumberland coal, for heating shot. Camp stoves are cheaper, handier and more quickly set up for cooking purposes, and the brick are most probably to be used in constructing furnaces to heat red hot shot, with which the great columbiads do good execution.

Ammunition.—An immense store of shot and shell is on board, as also many huge columbiads, mostly the vast ten-inch guns which do such fearful execution. The Atlantic and Baltic carry the most of these, but more are understood to be placed on other vessels as well.

There are also quantities of gun carriages and light guns for field operations. Of these many are Parrot guns, and all are completely fitted, ready for the artillerists' hands when they are landed—caissons, forges, and large quantities of grape, canister, shot and shell being with each battery—sufficient, one would think, for a campaign in the interior.

Wagons.—A great many army transportation wagons are provided, over and above those which belong to each regiment, and which the troops took away with them. Extra camp equipage of every description is also provided, and a great number of extra arms and infantry equipments, fully sufficient for 10,000 men. This looks as though the government expected to arm the inhabitants among whom the troops will be landed.

Footballs.—A curious item in the stores carried by the expedition consists in several hundred footballs. These were put on board for the exercise of such portions of the army as may remain in garrison at the point where a landing is made, and where defences will, of course, be at once erected.

Pilots.—All the best pilots belonging to New York city have gone down with the expedition. They were chosen because they are familiar with every point on the Southern coast, from the Chesapeake to the Texas shore. Besides these pilots, a number of skillful and trusty coasting captains were engaged from Cape Cod. These men know every inch of the coast; have sailed into every harbor and inlet with their craft, and will be able to carry the ships into any port, great or small, on the Atlantic or in the Gulf, where the expedition may be ordered to land.

Horses.—Of horses the expedition has nearly fifteen hundred. They are mostly on board the Great Republic, Vanderbilt, Ocean Queen, Baltic and Ericsson. One ship takes, as supplies for these animals, eight thousand bags of oats, and besides this other vessels carry further supplies of oats and corn, while many tons of hay are divided among the transports.

Table of Distances.—The following table of distances is in Nautical miles, and our readers may soon expect to hear from some of the points mentioned:

From	Hampton Roads to Hatteras	130
"	Hatteras to Beaufort, N. C.	80
"	" to Charleston	260
"	" to Port Royal	300
"	" to Savannah	320
"	" to Brunswick	370

The fleet, when under steam with transports in tow, will make seven knots per hour if the wind is not adverse. Under sail, with fair wind and good weather, the progress would be more rapid.

Department of the West.

The total number of killed, wounded and missing of the body guard in the fight at Springfield, is 51; of the rebels, killed and wounded, according to their own statement, about 80.

The passengers from the west report that Col. Mulligan had been released by Price. He was seen at Warrensburgh on the 1st inst., on his way to Springfield to bring away a child left there.

Gen. Fremont and staff arrived at Springfield on the 28th ult.; also the Benton Cadets, Col. Carr's Cavalry, and Major Holmes' Sharpshooters. Gen. Siegel's command arrived at different periods during the same day, finding no professed rebels in the place. Our troops were received with delight, the Stars and Stripes being displayed at numerous houses, and men, women and children waved their handkerchiefs from almost every doorway.

Major White, of the Prairie Scouts, whose command started with Major Zagonyi for Springfield, had been quite ill, and was captured by the rebels while riding in a buggy, and after the fight was taken several miles out of town by a guard of twenty rebels, but was rescued by a party of Green County Home Guards, and is now in Springfield.

A gentleman who left Neosho recently, arrived at St. Louis on the 30th ult., and says Price was then there with his whole command, and had been joined by McCulloch with 7,000 men. From the most reliable information he could obtain, the number of rebels was from 30,000 to 35,000. Some of the cavalry regiments were very fine—one regiment in particular, whose horses were all one size and color, and fully equipped in every particular. The cannon that was landed at Forsyth had arrived at Price's camp. McCulloch's men came from the East to Neosho, and then proceeded to Pineville, fifteen miles south of Neosho. Jackson had called a session of the Legislature at Neosho. It had already met, but lacked four members of having a quorum. The rebels were commanded by Colonels Johnson, Fraser, Price and Turner.

Gen. Prentiss, who left St. Louis on the 28th ult., with a force of infantry, to surprise and capture the rebels at Fulton, in Calloway county, has returned, and reports that before he reached Fulton, Gen. John B. Henderson, of the State Militia, had made a compromise with the rebels at Dyer's Mills, near Concord, whereby he commanded the United States troops not to make any arrest of the rebels who would lay down their arms and return to their homes. Prentiss acquiesced in the compromise, but on the first violation of it will visit severe vengeance upon the offenders. The rebels were 400 strong, and Henderson's force numbered 1,600. The proposition for compromise came from the rebels.

Gen. Lane captured a transportation train of the enemy near Butler, in Bates county, on the 28th ult., and took the escort prisoners. Among the latter were Capt. Whiting and Lieut. Vaughn. Lane also reports that he found a large number of sick and wounded rebels at Rose Hill, Johnston county, in a starving condition, to whose wants he ministered.

On the 28th ult. a fight occurred at a place known as Munday's Hollow. The rebel force consisted of about eight hundred men, under whose direct command is not known, but most of them belonging to Col. Johnson's regiment, which, since the accident to that noted officer, has been under command of Lieut.-Col. Summers.

The fight took place near what is known as the Union road, leading to Lebanon. Near the road is a steep hill, rising abruptly from the road and sloping to the south. On this declivity the rebels were formed in line of battle, when Capt. Switzler advanced and formed in front of their left flank and between them and the road. At the same time, and, strangely enough, without Capt. Switzler's knowledge, Capt. Montgomery came up on the enemy's right, and joined his company with that of Capt. Switzler. Between them and the enemy was a thick copse of brush, which, except at one or two intervening spaces, protected them from the fire of the rebels. It was through one of these open spaces that Mr. Tucker, the only man killed on our side, was shot. As our cavalry advanced, the rebels fired several rounds, but doing no injury except the killing of Tucker and one or two horses. When within sixty yards, Capt. Switzler gave the command to fire, first with their carbines, next with their pistols, and then, with drawn sabers, to charge, accompanied with a deafening yell. In an instant the gallant little band was in the midst of the enemy, dealing death and destruction on all sides. Their line was broken, the utmost confusion ensued, and soon the whole rebel force was in full retreat. The loss of the rebels, as accurately ascertained since the battle, was sixty-three killed, about forty wounded—many of them mortally—near forty prisoners, thirty head of horses, and a large number of guns, pistols, &c.

A messenger from Linn Creek brings interesting news from that point. He reports that Gen. Wyman, with his command, had arrived safely at that place. He was preceded by two or three companies of cavalry. When the cavalry entered the town, they found one company of rebels under Capt. Roberts, a merchant of Linn Creek, in possession of the place. They were, to all appearances, perfectly ignorant of any danger from any quarter. A portion of them were in a blacksmith shop moulding bullets, and the rest were in different parts of the town, so that the surprise was complete. The whole company, officers and privates, was "bagged" and held in safe custody. The company numbered about forty men, and were well armed.

Kentucky.—Gen. Thomas' official account of the Wild Cat affair, says the forces were nearly equal, and the United States troops repulsed the enemy, with great loss to the rebels and little to themselves.

A party of thirty men of the 28th Illinois regiment, while scouting on Saturday, encountered a party of rebel cavalry and infantry eighteen miles below Paducah. A brisk engagement ensued, and the rebels were routed, with the loss of a captain, lieutenant, and several wounded. No loss on our side.

Three companies of the 9th Illinois went forty-eight miles up Cumberland river on the 31st ult., and attacked a company of rebel cavalry 100 strong, completely routing them. The rebel loss is 13 killed, 24 prisoners, 52 horses, and all their camp equipage. The Federals had two wounded.

Department of the East.

Major General McClellan has issued the following order:

Headquarters of the Army, Washington,
November 1, 1861.

General Order, No. 19.—In accordance with General Order No. 94, from the War Department, I hereby assume command of the United States Army. In the midst of difficulties which encompass and divide the nation, hesitation and self distrust may well accompany the assumption of so vast a responsibility, but confiding, as I do, in the loyalty, discipline, and courage of our troops, and believing, as I do, that Providence will favor ours as the just cause, I cannot doubt that success will crown our efforts and sacrifices. The Army will unite with me in the feeling of regret that weight of many years and effect of increasing infirmities contracted and intensified in his country's service, should just now remove from our head a great soldier of our nation, the hero who in his youth raised high the reputation of his country in the fields of Canada, which he sanctified with his blood, and who in more mature years proved to the world that American skill and valor could repeat if not eclipse the exploits of Cortez in the land of the Montezumas; whose whole life has been devoted to the service of his country; whose whole efforts have been directed to uphold our honor at the smallest sacrifice of life; a warrior who scorned the selfish glories of the battle field when his great qualities as a statesman could be employed more profitably for his country; a citizen who, in his declining years has given to the world the most shining instance of loyalty, disregarding all ties of birth and clinging still to the cause of truth and honor. Such has been the career and character of Winfield Scott, whom it has long been the delight of the nation to honor, both as a man and a soldier.

While we regret his loss, there is one thing we cannot regret, the bright example he has left for our emulation. Let us all hope and pray that his declining years may be passed in peace and happiness, and that he may be cheered by the success of the country he has fought for and loved so well, and, beyond all, let us do nothing that will cause him to blush for us. Let no defeat of the army he has so long commanded embitter his last years, but let our victories illuminate the close of a life so grand.

Geo. B. McClellan,
Major General U. S. Commanding.

The rebels are fortifying Centerville. They have no force this side of Fairfax Court House, which our scouts prowl about at night without entering. They still have pickets. Our troops occupy Vienna and our pickets are beyond Annandale.

Gen. Stone's report of the battle of Ball's Bluff was sent into the War Department on the 29th ult. In it occurred the following:

Col. Baker having arrived at Conrad's Ferry with the 1st California regiment, at an early hour proceeded to Edward's Ferry and reported to me in person, stating that his regiment was at the former place, and the three other regiments of his brigade were ready to march. I directed him to Harrison's Island to assume command, and in full conversation explained to him the position as it then stood. I then told him that Gen. McCall had advanced his troops to Dranesville, and that I was extremely desirous of ascertaining the exact position and force of the enemy in our front, and exploring, as far as it was safe on the right toward Leesburg, and on the left toward the Leesburg and Green Spring road. I also informed Col. Baker that Gen. Gorman, opposite Edward's Ferry, should be re-enforced, and that I would make every effort to push Gorman's troops carefully forward to discern the best line from that ferry to the Leesburg and Green Spring road already mentioned; and the position of the breastworks and middle batteries which prevented the movement of the troops directly toward the right, were also pointed out to him.

The means of transportation across, of the sufficiency of which he (Baker) was to be judge, were detailed and authority given him to make use of the guns of a section of Vaughn's and Bunting's batteries, together with French's mounted howitzers, all the troops of his brigade and the Tammany regiment, besides the 15th and part of the 20th Massachusetts volunteers, and I left it to his discretion, after viewing the ground, to retire from the Virginia shore, under cover of his guns and the fire of the large infantry force, or to pass over re-enforcements in case he found it practicable and the positions on the other side favorable. I stated that I wished no advance made unless the enemy were in inferior force, and under no circumstances to pass beyond Leesburg or a strong position between it and Goose Creek on the Great Spring road.

Col. Baker was cautioned in reference to passing the artillery across the river, and I begged if he did so to see it well supported by good infantry.

I pointed to him the position of some bluffs on this side of the river from which artillery could act with effect on the other side, leaving the matter of crossing more troops or returning what were already over to his discretion, and gave him entire control of operations in the night.

After Col. Devens' second advance, Col. Baker went to the field in person, and it is a matter of regret to me that he left no record of what officers and men he charged with the care of the boats, and insuring the regular passage of troops. If any were charged with this duty it was not performed, for the re-enforcements as they arrived found no one in command of the boats, and great delay was thus occasioned. Had one officer and a company remained at each landing, guarding the boats, their full capacity would have been made serviceable, and sufficient men would have been passed over to ensure success.

The forwarding of artillery before its supporting force of infantry also impeded the rapid assembling of an imposing force on the Virginia shore. If the infantry force had first crossed, a difference of 1,000 men would have been made in the infantry line at the time of attack—probably enough to have given us the victory.

I cannot conclude without bearing testimony to the courage, good discipline and conduct of all the troops of this division during the day. Those in action behaved like veterans, and those not brought into action showed that alacrity and steadiness in their movements, which proved their anxiety to engage the foe in their country's cause.

We mourn the loss of the brave departed dead upon the field of honor, if not of success, and we miss the companionship of those of our comrades who have fallen into the hands of our enemies. But all feel that they have earned the title of soldier, and await with increased confidence another measure of strength with the foe.

Chas. T. Stone,
Brig. General Commanding.

The following proclamation has just been issued:

Headquarters, Baltimore, November 1st, 1861

To the United States Marshal of Maryland, and Provost Marshal of Baltimore:

Information has come to my knowledge that certain individuals who formerly resided in this State, and are known to have been recently in Virginia, bearing arms against the authority and forces of the United States, have returned to their former homes with the intention of taking part in the election of November 6th, thus carrying out at the polls the treason they have committed in the field. There is reason also to believe that other individuals lately residents of Maryland, who have engaged in similar hostility to the United States, or in actively aiding and abetting those in arms against the United States, are about to participate in the election for the same treacherous purpose, with the hope of carrying over the State by disloyal votes to the cause of rebellion and treason. I, therefore, by virtue of the authority vested in me, to arrest all persons in rebellion against the United States, require you to take into custody all such persons in any election district or precinct in which they may appear at the polls to effect their criminal attempt to convert the political franchise into an engine for the subversion of the Government and support of its enemies. In furtherance of this object, I request the judges of the election in the several precincts of the State, in case any such person shall present himself to vote to the committee, to hold him until he can be taken into custody by the authority of the United States, and I call on all good and loyal citizens to support the judges of election, the United States Marshal and his deputies, and the Provost Marshal of Baltimore, and the police, in their efforts to secure a free and fair expression of the voice of the people of Maryland, and at the same time prevent the ballot box from being polluted by treasonable votes.

John A. Dix, Gen. Com.

The great fleet sailed on the 29th ult., the Wabash taking the lead, at day light, when the gun was fired as a signal, and the Cahawba bringing up the rear. The vessels, about 80 in number, formed in line a few miles down the Roads, and went out between the Capes in splendid style. The morning was the most beautiful of the season, and the scene the finest ever witnessed on this continent.

Orders were sent to the officers commanding the naval expedition to govern themselves, so far as persons held to service are concerned, by the principles of the letter addressed to Gen. Butler; but discretionary power is given to the commander for special circumstances; and instructions are given to avail themselves of the services of any persons, whether fugitives from labor or not, who may offer themselves, to be employed in such manner as deemed most beneficial to the service; also to assure all loyal masters that Congress will provide just compensation to them for the loss of the services of persons so employed.

Lieut. Porter of the Powhattan reports that he arrived at Maranham, September 24th, only five days after the Sumter left. The latter had cruised for two or three days at the mouth of the harbor to overhaul the brig Maria, which was expected from New York. The Governor of Maranham treated the officers of the Sumter to every courtesy, promising them that they might sell the Maria there if she was captured, supplied her with coal, but was unwilling to do the same to the Powhattan. In entering Maranham the Sumter got ashore, lost her false keel, and when she left was leaking. She left under sail, having housed her smoke stack. She had taken no prizes since the Addy Bradford, and it was understood her master was to burn, sink, and destroy, particularly Boston and eastern vessels.

Department of Western Virginia.

A special dispatch to the Cincinnati *Gazette* on the morning of the 2d inst., says:—The rebels under Floyd opened fire on Rosecrans' force yesterday morning from two points, opposite Gauley Bridge and Camp Tompkins. The telegraph office and Quartermaster's store were no doubt destroyed. When my informant left Gauley yesterday their shells were aimed at the ferry boats and buildings above named. The enemy has large guns and a large body of infantry. Floyd's forces opposite Camp Tompkins are not less than 4,000. How many at Gauley Bridge, four miles this side, is not known.

Telegraphic communication by the Kenawha line is intercepted. Casualties unknown.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* had advices from Rosecrans' Headquarters to Saturday evening, with the following particulars:

On Friday morning at 8 o'clock, the enemy opened fire with 2 guns, at points opposite Gauley and Camp Tompkins, and a noisy fire of musketry. Their object was evidently to cut off supplies. They succeeded in sinking a ferry boat on the Gauley River, and threw about 40 shells into the camp of the 11th Ohio. Not one of our men was killed.

A Cincinnati gentleman from Gauley Bridge, Saturday evening, reports that Floyd had cut a road around the hill where Rosecrans was encamped, and was shelling his camp. Rosecrans was returning the fire and had silenced 2 batteries. He had sent a force up the new made road to attack Floyd in the rear, and would have them completely surrounded. No Federals were killed when he left, and only about half a dozen wounded. The majority of the shells thrown by the enemy did not explode, and their musketry was wild and irregular. The ferry boat which had been sunk by the enemy's shot on Friday, was raised that night, and communication across the river restored. No firing on Saturday, on either side.

The position of the forces on Saturday evening was as follows.

The rebels were in possession and left for the west bank of New River. Gen. Schenck's Brigade was a few miles above the junction of Gauley and New Rivers, on the east side of New River. Generals Cox's Brigade and Rosecrans' near the junction between the rivers. Gen. Benham, below the junction on the right bank of the river. Floyd's force is believed to be about 7,000. It was believed in camp that Gen. Schenck's and Benham's Brigades would be thrown across the river above and below Floyd, and catch him.

The loss of the telegraphic communications was occasioned by the alarm of the operator, who, when firing opened, sent a hasty dispatch to Clarksburgh, announcing the battle, and then commenced to move his office up the Gauley. He was two or three miles up the river when he was overtaken by orders from Rosecrans to return, and while returning, his wagon was driven over a precipice and the apparatus destroyed. Floyd's demonstration was rather agreeable to Rosecrans than otherwise. Rosecrans was certain that he could hold his own, and expected to bag his assailants.

Just as we were preparing for the press dispatches conveying the following gratifying intelligence were received:

Washington, November 4.—The War Department received a dispatch late this evening from Gen. Rosecrans, stating that Floyd had made an attack on him but he had repulsed him with great loss. Gen. Rosecrans further states that an officer with a pretty large force had got in the rear of Floyd, and the presumption was that Floyd and his entire command would be surrounded and captured.

Washington, November 5.—An official telegraphic dispatch received to-day states Gen. Floyd's force at 7,000, and that Benham's and Schenck's brigades were following him on the New Road. The dispatch is extremely hopeful of a brilliant victory, and the prospect of it is cheering.

Another telegram from Cleveland, dated last night, states that the Kanawha boat had just passed Maysville, and reported that Gen. Rosecrans had repulsed Floyd, and at the last accounts that Gens. Benham and Schenck had got in his rear, and that it was thought that Floyd's force would be captured by them.

Affairs in Washington.

The most important event of the week is the resignation and retirement of Lieut.-Gen. Scott. We give the closing scenes in the military career of the old hero: The following letter from Gen. Scott was received on Thursday evening:

Headquarters Army, Washington, Oct. 31, 1861.

Hon. S. Cameron, Secretary of War—Sir: For more than three years I have been unable, from a hurt, to mount a horse, or to walk more than a few paces at a time, and that with much pain. Other and new infirmities—dropsy and vertigo—admonish me that repose of mind and body, with the appliances of surgery and medicine, are necessary to protect a life already protracted much beyond the usual span of man. It is under such circumstances, made doubly painful by the unnatural and unjust rebellion now raging in the Southern States of our so lately prosperous and happy Union, that I am compelled to request that my name be placed on the list of army officers retired from active service. As this request is founded on an absolute right granted by a recent act of Congress, I am entirely at liberty to say that it is with deep regret that I withdraw myself in these momentous times from the orders of the President, who has treated me with such distinguished kindness and courtesy, whom I know, upon much personal intercourse, to be without sectional partialities or prejudices, to be highly conscientious in the performance of every duty, and unrivalled in activity and perseverance. And to you, Mr. Secretary, whom I now officially address for the last time, I beg to acknowledge my many obligations for the uniform high consideration I have received at your hands. I have the honor to remain, with high respect,

Your obedient servant,
Winfield Scott.

A special Cabinet council was convened on Friday morning, Nov. 1st, to take the subject into consideration. It was decided that Gen. Scott's request, under the circumstances of his advanced age and infirmities, could not be declined. Gen. McClellan was thereupon, with the unanimous agreement of the Cabinet, notified that the command of the army would be devolved upon him.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the Cabinet again waited upon the President, and attended him to the residence of Gen. Scott. Being seated, the President read to the General the following order:

On November the 1st, A. D. 1861, upon his own application to the President of the United States, Brevet Lieut.-Gen. Winfield Scott is ordered to be placed and hereby is placed upon the list of the retired officers of the Army of the United States, without reduction in his pay and subsistency allowances. The American people hear with sadness and deep emotion that Gen. Scott has withdrawn from the active control of the army, while the unanimous Cabinet express their own and the nation's sympathies in his personal affliction, and their profound sense of the important public services rendered by him to his country during his long and brilliant career, among which will ever be gratefully distinguished his faithful devotion to the Constitution, the Union, and the flag, when assailed by parricidal rebellion.

Abraham Lincoln.

Gen. Scott thereupon arose and addressed the President and Cabinet, they also rising, as follows:

This honor overwhelms me. It overpowers all services I have attempted to render my country. If I have any claims, they are all obliterated with this expression of approval by the President, with the support of his Cabinet. I know the President and his Cabinet well. I know the country has placed its interests in this trying crisis in safe keeping. Their councils are wise, their labors are as untiring as they are loyal, and their course is the right one. Mr. President, you must excuse me. I am unable to stand any longer to give utterance to the feelings of gratitude which oppress me. In my retirement, I shall offer up my prayers to God for this Administration and my country. I shall pray with confidence for its success over all enemies, and that speedily.

The President then took leave of Gen. Scott, giving him his hand and saying he hoped soon to write him a public letter, expressive of his gratitude and affection. The President added:

General, you will naturally feel solicitous about the gentlemen of your staff who have rendered you and your country such faithful service. I have taken the subject into consideration. I understand that they go with you to New York. I shall desire them at their earliest convenience after their return, to make their wishes known to me. I desire you, however, to be satisfied that except the unavoidable deprivation of your counsel and assistance which they have so long enjoyed, the provision which may be made for them will be such as to render their situation as agreeable hereafter as it has been heretofore.

Each member of the Administration then gave his hand to the veteran and retired in profound silence.

The following is the response of the Secretary of War to Gen. Scott's letter.

War Department, Washington, Nov. 1, 1861.

General:—It is my duty to lay before the President your letter of yesterday, asking to be relieved under the recent act of Congress. In separating from you, I cannot refrain from expressing my deep regret that your health, shattered by long service and repeated wounds received in your country's defense, should render it necessary for you to retire from your high position at this momentous period of our history. Although you are not to remain in active service, I yet hope that while I continue in charge of the department over which I now preside, I shall at times be permitted to avail myself of the benefits of your wise counsels and sage experience. It has been my good fortune to enjoy a personal acquaintance with you for over thirty years, and the pleasant relations of that long time have been greatly strengthened by your cordial and entire co-operation in all the great questions which have occupied the department and convulsed the country for the last six months. In parting from you, I can only express the hope that a merciful Providence, that has protected you amid so many trials, will improve your health and continue your life long after the people of the country shall have been restored to their former happiness and prosperity.

I am, General, very sincerely, your friend,
Simon Cameron, Secretary of War.
Lieut. Genl. Winfield Scott, present.

Quartermaster Stocker advertises for proposals for delivering in Washington within the next thirty-five days, 715,000 feet of cullings, and 285,000 feet of scantlings. The bids are to be opened on the 29th inst. This looks like putting up extensive winter quarters.

Highly interesting information from France establishes in diplomatic circles here the fact that the Emperor Napoleon and his government consider the integrity, greatness and prosperity of the American Republic to be identical with the present and future prosperity of France.

There is a slackness in enlistments again, especially from the larger States. So much circumlocution and embarrassment are interposed by State authorities, and the men are so shaved and swindled in their fitting out, that they will not enter the service through the State channels. Enlistments are so slow that the War Department is about to return to the system of accepting men without the interposition of the State authorities. It is also contemplated to obviate the injustice of some of the Governors in pressing officers on Regiments, by commissioning the officers through the War Department, directly by the President.

The State prisoners heretofore confined in Fort Lafayette were all moved to Ft. Warren in Boston harbor, which has been fitted up for their accommodation. The object of the change is not divulged, but it is believed to be the intention of the Government to put the Fort in a more perfect state of defence, for the protection of New York harbor.

The President informed certain impertinent United States Senators who called upon him on the 30th ult., to know when a forward movement is to take place, that the responsibility of such a movement is left to Gen. McClellan, and that it is the purpose of the Executive to sustain him in his undertaking, whatever his determination may be. The Senators left satisfied.

Secretary Cameron has authorized the establishment of a depot for prisoners of war at Johnson's Island, in Sandusky Bay, Lake Erie. An experienced builder of Sandusky has contracted to erect seventeen buildings capable of accommodating 1,000 prisoners. They are to be finished by December 10th, at a total cost not to exceed $25,000. First Lieut. E. W. Reed, of the 8th Infantry, now on parole, is to be Acting Assistant Quartermaster and Commissary of Subsistence for this depot. One hundred and fifty men will be detailed as guard.

The following letter from Garibaldi has been received by the United States Consul at Antwerp:

Caprera, 18th September, '61.

My Dear Sir:—I saw Mr. Sanford, and regret to be obliged to announce to you that I shall not be able to go to the United States at present. I do not doubt of the triumph of the cause of the Union, and that shortly. But if the war should unfortunately continue in your beautiful country, I shall overcome all obstacles which detain me, and hasten to the defence of a people who are dear to me. G. Garibaldi.

The Provost Marshal's Court at Alexandria has made a decision which will gladden the hearts of Northern merchants. The substance of the decision is that our brethren of Dixie must pay their debts. The question came up at the Court, Adjutant-General Breese presiding. One of the Broadway merchants complained that an Alexandria dealer had possession of his goods, and would neither pay for them nor return them. The Alexandrian was brought up forthwith, and undertook to plead some of the old Virginia stay laws. The Provost Judge couldn't see it in that light, and decided the case by summarily ordering Provost Marshal Griffith to take possession of the property, and to return to the original owner such portions as he could identify. Provost Marshal Griffith has therefore in his possession about $60,000 worth of woolen goods, mainly belonging to New York merchants.

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

☞ OUR SHOW-BILL, INDUCEMENTS, &c., for 1862, just issued, sent free.

☞ THE TRIAL QUARTER.—The rush of Trial Subscribers has been so great that our edition of some of the October numbers is exhausted, so that we can no longer furnish the complete quarter. We will, however, send the RURAL from 1st Nov. to Jan'y (9 papers) and 4 back numbers (making 13 papers in all) for 20 cents. ☞ Our aim is to have all trial subscriptions end with the year, as it would cause much extra labor and trouble to extend them into the new volume.

☞ FILL THE PLACES OF AGENTS GONE TO THE WAR.—Quite a number of our Agents have gone to the War, mostly as Captains and Lieutenants in volunteer regiments. In cases where they have not appointed or requested persons to act in behalf of the RURAL during their absence, we trust some friend of the Paper will "assume the responsibility" of doing so, in order that there may be no vacancies. Friends, please fill the places of the absentees, and see that all have an opportunity to subscribe for our next volume. Many who now take the Paper, and others who like it, only need asking, and hence an Agent is wanted in every town. We hope many subscribers will kindly volunteer to act as Agents during the *Winter Campaign*—and the more the better. What say, Reader?

☞ THE DOCUMENTS FREE.—Specimen numbers of this volume will be sent free to all applicants. We shall take pleasure in also sending, free and post-paid, our large Show-Bill for 1861 (beautifully colored by hand,) Prospectus, &c., to any and all persons disposed to aid in extending the circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER. Reader, please send us the addresses of such of your friends, near or distant, as you think would be likely to subscribe or act as agents, and we will forward the documents accordingly.

☞ VOLUNTARY AGENTS FOR THE RURAL.—Any and every Subscriber or reader is requested to act in behalf of the RURAL, by forming clubs or otherwise. *Now is the time* for its friends to manifest their interest in the paper and the cause it advocates, either by obtaining new subscribers, or inducing others to act in its behalf. If any lose or wear out numbers in *showing the paper*,—that's the best way to get subscribers,—we will dupli-

[redacted]

traveling through the country, professing to hold certificates from us, ARE IMPOSTORS.

☞ AS POSTAGE STAMPS of the old emission are worthless here, RURAL friends will please remit those of the new issue in future. Demand U. S. Treasury Notes preferred to any Bank Notes except those of our own and the New England States.

☞ CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers wishing the address of their papers changed from one Post-Office to another, must specify the OLD address as well as the NEW to assure compliance with their requests.

☞ OUR INDUCEMENTS for obtaining subscribers to the Thirteenth Volume of the RURAL, for 1862, are of the most Liberal and Substantial character. Premium Lists, Show-Bills, &c., sent free to all disposed to act as agents.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and those who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities, and their kindness be appreciated.

◆

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER comes to us this week as interesting as ever. As a Literary, Agricultural and Family Newspaper combined the Rural is far ahead of any other published in the world.—*Journal, Alma, Wis.*

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is decidedly the first Agricultural and general newspaper of the country, and we are always glad to aid in extending its circulation. We advise our readers to make it a necessity.—*American Citizen, Jackson, Mich.*

AGRICULTURAL PAPERS.—We are happy to see an inquiry for Agricultural papers. We are often asked for the best. We have no hesitation in pronouncing Moore's Rural New-Yorker, published at Rochester, N. Y., the best in the Union.—*Journal, Waukon, Iowa.*

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER is decidedly the best Rural, and one of the best Family Papers, published anywhere. As much useful information concerning Agricultural affairs could not be obtained for the same money in any other way.—*Reporter, Gananoque, C. W.*

"GET THE BEST, the cheapest, and the most popular!" This is said of the Rural New-Yorker, the leading and the largest circulated Rural, Literary and Family Weekly published in the United States. Take it, farmers, gardeners, and ruralists, and you will find that the above is every word true.—*Home News, Marietta, Ohio.*

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.—If you want a good and reliable Agricultural paper, send for Moore's Rural New-Yorker, the best Agricultural paper in the United States. The Rural has been considerably enlarged and improved, is free from all sectarianism and politics, is a first class Family Paper.—*Union Advocate, North Anson, Me.*

RURAL NEW-YORKER.—Among all the Literary and Scientific periodicals that have come under our notice, we have found none that will surpass in its general merits the Rural New-Yorker. It treats upon all subjects, and every number contains a valuable stock of information and interesting reading matter.—*Times, Lake City, Minn.*

MOORE'S RURAL NEW YORKER furnishes us our selections this week. It is one of the largest Agricultural papers, and, in its whole appearance, engravings, print and all, is a perfect gem. It is full of thought and information, and there is nothing in its contents to offend taste, purity or piety. It has a large circulation, and we wish it were larger. It is published every Saturday in Rochester, N. Y., by D. D. T. Moore, who is more worthy of the D.D.'s than many who have them.—*Congregational Herald.*

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is one of the very few Agricultural papers which keeps up with the progress of the age, in all that pertains to improvement in the important branch of industry to which it is devoted. To this fact it owes its success, which is almost unparalleled in the history of newspaper enterprises. Its circulation counts by tens of thousands, and extends into almost every portion of our widespread confederacy. Its publisher is a live, wide-awake, practical man, who knows how to keep up interest in his journal.—*Mountaineer, Ashland, Penn.*

Special Notices.

☞ PRIZES given at the Metropolitan Gift Book Store, No. 26 Buffalo street, Rochester, N. Y., for the month ending October 31st.—Twenty-eight Gold and Silver Watches, 18 large size Silver Ice Pitchers, 14 Gold Guard Chains, 7 Silver Castors, 31 sets Silver Forks, 61 sets Tea and Table Spoons, 1 Soup Terrene, 27 Silver Cups, 4 Silver Butter Dishes, 21 Gold Bracelets, 13 Silver Cake Baskets, 37 Silver Napkin Rings, besides over 3,000 other articles of value. A Gift accompanies each book, varying in value from $50 to $100. Descriptive Catalogues mailed free, upon application, to any address.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office,
ROCHESTER, November 5, 1861.

We are unable to report anything new in Flour or Grain—All transactions are cramped because of exorbitant freight charges.

POULTRY is appearing somewhat plentifully in our market, and we note a slight decline in prices.

HAY ranges from $7,00 to $12,00 per ton.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	16@17c
Flour, winter wheat	$5.25@6.50	Honey, box	10@11c
Flour, spring do	5.00@5.25	Candles, box	10@10½c
Flour, buckwheat	2.00@2.00	Candles, extra	12@12c
Meal, Indian	1.00@1.00	FRUIT AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee	1.00@1.25	Apples, bushel	25@38c
Best white Canada	1.25@1.28	Apples, dried ⅌ lb	5@5½c
Corn, old	00@40c	Peaches, do	12@13c
Corn, new	00@40c	Cherries, do	12@13c
Rye, 60 lbs ⅌ bush.	45@50c	Plums, do	00@10c
Oats, by weight	25@25c	Potatoes	30@35c
Barley	45@50c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	40@40c	Slaughter	5@5c
Beans	1.25@1.50	Calf	6@7c
MEATS.		Sheep Pelts	75c@$1.25
Pork, Mess	$15.00@16.50	Lamb Pelts	50c@$1
Pork, clear	16.00@17.00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	4.50@5.00	Clover, bushel	$5.00@5.25
Beef, cwt	4.00@5.00	Timothy	2.00@2.50
Spring lambs, each	1.25@1.75	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	4@5c	Wood, hard	$3.00@6.00
Hams, smoked	9@10c	Wood, soft	3.00@3.00
Shoulders	5@6c	Coal, Lehigh	7.00@7.00
Chickens	7@8c	Coal, Scranton	5.50@6.50
Turkeys	9@10c	Coal, Pittston	5.50@5.50
Geese	40@50c	Coal, Shamokin	5.50@5.50
Ducks ⅌ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	1.38@1.42
Butter, roll	12½@13c	Hay, ton	7.00@12.00
Butter, firkin	11@12c	Straw, ton	5.00@6.00
Cheese	6@7½c	Wool, ⅌ lb	33@44c
Lard, tried	8½@9c	Whitefish, half bbl	5.00@5.00
Tallow, rough	5@6c	Codfish, quintal	4.00@4.50
Tallow, tried	7@7½c	Trout, half bbl	5.00@5.25

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov 4.—FLOUR—Market may be quoted 5c lower, with only a limited business doing for export and home consumption. Transactions are somewhat restricted by the rain storm. Sales at $5,30@5,55 for rejected, $5,55@5,60 for superfine State, $5,75@5,90 for extra do, $5,55@5,60 for superfine Western, $5,75@5,95 for common to medium extra do, $5,95@6,05 for shipping brands extra round hooped Ohio, and $6,10@6,75 for trade brands do,—market closing quiet. Canadian flour is a shade lower, with a moderate business doing. Sales at $5,55@5,60 for superfine, and $5,75@7,50 for common to choice extra. Rye flour quiet, with sales at $3,00@4,10 for inferior to choice. Corn meal quiet and without any material change in prices. Sales at $3,30 for choice Western, $2,80@2,85 for Jersey, and $3,30 for Brandywine.

GRAIN—Wheat market may be quoted about 1c lower, with only a very moderate business doing for export and home consumption. Sales Chicago spring at $1,19@1,22, Racine spring at $1,22@1,23, Milwaukee club at $1,23@1,24, amber Iowa at $1,25@1,27, the latter price for small parcels choice, red State at $1,30c, winter red Western at $1,30@1,34, amber Michigan at $1,35, white Western at $1,40@1,48, white Kentucky and white Michigan at $1,45@1,50, the latter price being for small parcels. Rye continues scarce and firm, with sales at 80@83c as to quality. Barley without any material change in prices, with sales at 66@67c. Barley malt continues dull and nominal at 78c. Peas dull and nominal at 80c for Canadian. Corn market may be quoted a shade lower, but with only a moderate business doing for export and home consumption. There is not, however, any pressing desire to realize. Sales at 50@60c for damaged to inferior mixed Western; 62@63½c for good to prime shipping do, 64c for choice do, to arrive, 61c for yellow Western, and 70c for choice white Western. Oats quiet and in moderate demand, sales at 40c for Canadian, and 40@41c for Western and State.

PROVISIONS—Pork is firm and more active, sales at $15,00@15,62 for mess, and $9,75@10,00 for prime. Beef steady, sales at $4@4,50 for country prime; $5,00@5,50 for country mess, $9,00@11,00 for re-packed mess, and $12,00@13,50 for extra mess. Prime mess beef is dull and nominally unchanged at $17@18.—Beef hams steady, small sales now at $15. Cut meats are quiet and steady; sales at 4½@5c for Shoulders, and 6c for Hams. Smoked meats still continue scarce and very quiet.—Bacon steady and firm at 6½c for dry salted sides, and 7c for smoked do. Lard is in fair request and prices are steady, sales at 8¾@9¼c for No 1 to choice Western. Butter selling at 8@12 cents for Ohio, and 12½@18 cents for State. Cheese is steady and selling at 4@7 cents for good to choice.

SEEDS—For Clover and Timothy there is a moderate inquiry. Sales at 8@9¼ ⅌ lb for Clover, $2@2,25 ⅌ bu. for Timothy. The market for Linseed is very firm, and for Calcutta, at Boston, $2.05 is now asked. The little Bombay here is held at $2,15@2,25 and upward. Rough Flax continues scarce, with small sales at $1,55@1,60, cash.

HOPS—Continue in very moderate request at previous rates, there is some inquiry for export but the grades suitable are scarce and command full rates. The sales are 150@200 bales at 13½@19c, and inferior lots 20@22c, cash, in old growths, some 150 bales changed hands for consumption, at 10@15c, cash.

ASHES—The market is steady for both Pot and Pearl at $5.31¼.

ALBANY, Nov 4.—FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market opened steady for flour, with a limited demand, mainly for home consumption and the supply of the river towns.

Common to good State	$5,35@5,60
Fancy and extra State	5,55@5,75
Common to good Western	5,50@5,80
Extra Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, &c.	6,00@7,00
Extra Ohio	6,00@7,00
Common Canadian	5,40@5,80
Extra Canadian	6,00@7,25
Fancy Genesee	5,50@6,00
Extra Genesee and city brands	6,00@7,25

Buckwheat Flour has commenced coming forward and is selling in the street at $1,69@1,72, and from store at $1,81@1,81 ⅌ 100 lbs. Corn Meal is firm and in good request at $1,19@1,31 ⅌ 100 lbs.

GRAIN—The movement in this market is restricted by the absence of freighting facilities both on the river and for the Eastern coast. Wheat steady and a fair milling request, with sales at $1,14 for red spring, $1 25 for red winter State, and $1,44 for white Michigan. Corn heavy and prices lower. Sales mixed Western at 49, afloat. Rye quiet and no sales. Barley steady but inactive. Oats unchanged in value, but the demand is limited, and we have only to note sales of State in lots at 37½.

BUFFALO, Nov. 4—FLOUR—Market quiet, but steady; sales of Illinois and Wisconsin extra at $4,75@5 00; extra Michigan at $4,25, extra Indiana and Ohio at $5,25@5,50, double extra do at $5,75, sour flour at $3,00.

GRAIN—Wheat, no transactions reported to-day. The advices from below have destroyed confidence. Corn, weaker, sales at 41½@42c. Oats, last sales at 28c. No transactions reported in other grains.

SEEDS—Market quiet and nominal at $1,75@2 for timothy.

PEAS—Last sale at 55c.

PROVISIONS—Mess pork at $13,50, prime at $12,50. Hams, plain sugar cured, at 8@8½, do, in sacks, at 8½@9. Lard at 8. Shoulders quiet at 5½. Country beef at $5,00. Salted sides at 6c. Cheese, Hamburgh, at 6@7.

TORONTO, Nov. 3.—FLOUR—The business in flour has been more active during the past week, and sales to some extent have been made in superfine, which still continues in lively demand. The better grades are somewhat more in request, but the trade done is still limited. The stock of flour held here at present is very light, as few mills are turning out their full capacity. At present there is a good profit for the miller, which we suppose should have the effect of increasing the supply. We quote

Superior extra	$5,65@5,75
Fancy	4,90@4,95
Extra	5,20@5,25
Double extra	5,75@6,00
No 1	4,75@4,80
No 2	4,00@4,25

OATMEAL—Good quality, free from specks and well manufactured, is in request at $3,75@3,85. Common qualities are of very slow sale.

GRAIN—The receipts of fall wheat on the street market would not exceed 3,000 bushels daily, and demand is active at $1,10@1,15 for choice samples, and at $1@1,07 for common to medium. Few sales shipping parcels are reported, owing to the difficulty in procuring freight, $1,14@1,16 is asked for good ordinary shipping quality. The quantity of spring wheat offering continues very limited, not more than 1,000 to 1,500 bushels daily. The demand is active at 90@95c. One or two sales of quantities are reported at 96@97c, f. o. b. Barley; the deliveries of this grain have fallen off, and are now not more than 1,000 to 2,000 bushels daily, and sell at 43@45c. Oats in limited supply, with a good steady demand at 27@28c. Peas are also offering in small quantity at 51@53c.

We subjoin quotations of the following articles

Beef,—No 1st and 2nd class ⅌ 100 lbs	$3.00@4.50
" Inferior	3.00@4.00
Calves, each	3.00@4.00
Sheep	3.00@4.50
Lambs	2.00@3.00
Bacon dull	5.50@6.00
Hams	8@9
Butter, Fresh ⅌ lb	15@17
" Tub No 1	12@14
" " No 2, store	9@10
Cheese	8@9
Eggs, ⅌ dozen	14@16
Chickens ⅌ pair	35@40
Ducks	30@35
Turkeys, each	50@00
Geese, each	35@40
Potatoes, per bushel	35@40
Apples, ⅌ barrel	$1.50@3.00
Sheepskins	00@80
Hides, ⅌ lb	00@4
Calfskins	00@8
Hay	14.00@17.00
Straw	8.00@9.00

—Globe.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct 30.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE.	
First quality ⅌ cwt	$8.00@8.50
Ordinary quality	7.50@8.00
Common quality	6.50@7.25
Inferior quality	6.00@6.00
COWS AND CALVES.	
First quality	$45.00@50.00
Ordinary quality	40.00@45.00
Common quality	30.00@35.00
Inferior quality	25.00@30.00
VEAL CALVES.	
First quality, ⅌ lb	5½@6 c
Ordinary quality	4½@5½c
Common quality	4 @4½c
Inferior quality	3½@4 c
SHEEP AND LAMBS.	
Prime quality, ⅌ head	$4.00@4.50
Ordinary quality	3.50@4.00
Common quality	3.00@3.50
Inferior quality	2.25@3.00
SWINE.	
First quality, ⅌ lb	4 @4½c
Other qualities	3½@3½c

ALBANY, Nov 4.—BEEVES—The receipts are moderate this week, and the market is comparatively active, but operations are somewhat restricted by the unfavorable weather. Owing to the light supply the drovers looked for better prices, and advanced their views at least ¼c ⅌ lb on all grades, but they were mistaken in the tone of the market. Buyers refused to meet, and the trade finally settled down at an advance of ⅛c ⅌ lb, live weight, on premium and extra, and at last week's figures on the other grades.

RECEIPTS—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad, estimating 16 to the car.

	This week.	Last week.	Cor. week last year
Cattle	2,464	4,804	1,829
Sheep	3,736	8,010	4,837
Hogs	168	210	28

PRICES—We alter our quotations only for premium and extra:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	4½@4¾c	4½@4½c
Extra	4½@4¼c	4 @4½c
First quality	3½@3½c	3½@3¾c
Second quality	3½@3½c	3½@3½c
Third quality	2¾@2½c	2¾@2½c

SHEEP—The receipts are light as compared with last week; the inquiry is limited, with no improvement in prices. Sales 800 head, average 3½@3¾ ⅌ lb.

HOGS—The trade drags a little at last week's rates—3½c ⅌ lb for fat still fed and 4c for fat corn fed and stock.—*Atlas & Argus.*

BRIGHTON, Oct 31.—At market 1200 Beeves, 900 Stores, 3,000 Sheep and Lambs, and 550 Swine.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $6.25, first quality, $6.00, second do, $5.50@5.50, third do, $4,50@5,00.

MILCH COWS—$42@49, common, $19@20.

WORKING OXEN—$90, $100, $130@137.

VEAL CALVES—$3,00@5 00.

YEARLINGS—$7@8, two years old, $11@14; three years old, $14@18 each.

HIDES—6@6½c. Tallow, 6@6½c.

CALF SKINS—6@9c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1.25@1,50, extra and selections, $2,00@$3,75.

PELTS—50c.@$1 00.

SWINE—Stores, wholesale, 4½@5c; retail, 5@6½c, fat hogs, undressed, 0c, still fed, none; corn fed, none; spring pigs, none.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct 30.—At market 1,330 Cattle, 900 Beeves, and 430 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old, not suitable for Beef.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $3 75@6.00, first quality, $5.25@5.50, second do, $4.00, third do, $3.75@4.00.

WORKING OXEN—$83, $90@120.

COWS AND CALVES—$29, 30@50.

STORES—Yearlings, $7@8; Two years old, $11@14; Three years old, $14@17.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—6,900 at market. Prices in lots at $2.00@2.50 each; extra and selections $3.00@3.37.

Spring Lambs—None.

HIDES—5@6½c ⅌ lb. Tallow, 5@6½c.

PELTS—75c@$1. Calf Skins, 7@8c ⅌ lb.

VEAL CALVES—$0@0.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 1.—Tallkampf & Kliebing's Circular says:—The wool market has experienced another month of activity—prices all the time advancing. The demand continues principally for the low and medium grades of fleece, which are quickly taken at our quotations. Some fine wools have also found buyers at about the same rates. No 1 and super pulled wools are sold up clean at full prices. Of extra, the market is better supplied, but sales have been made within our quotations.

California wools have been arriving throughout the month and met with a ready sale. A considerable portion of that which has come in, had been sold to arrive. The prices obtained are fully fifty per cent. above the ruling rates one year ago.

In fine foreign wools very little has been done; some few sales of Mestizo at 24@25c, and Cape and Australian, greasy, at 25@26c, net cash.

Low and medium foreign wools have been eagerly sought after, but as the market was bare of stock, most of the transactions have been for wools to arrive. The wools that have arrived from Europe, per steamers, have met with a ready sale as soon as landed, and at high rates.

The demand and consumption embrace all kinds of foreign wools. The country, in fact, was never so bare of stock—nearly all of our large carpet manufacturers have disposed of their supply of wool, in consequence of the pressing demand. There are large quantities of wool on the way here, which can be placed in market during the next sixty days.

A public sale of a late direct importation of some 700 bales of Bombay wools, took place here on the 30th ultimo, and went off with spirit. Much higher prices were realized than was expected.

The latest accounts of the public sales at Liverpool, report an advance of 1d to 1½d on low and medium, and 2d to 2½d on the finer kinds East India and other wools suitable for the wants of the United States. The sales were to have terminated on the 23d ult.

American Saxony Fleece ⅌ lb	45@48
American full-blood Merino	44@48
American half and three-quarter blood Merino	40@44
Native and one-fourth Merino	35@42
Extra, Pulled	38@40
Superfine, Pulled	36@40
No 1, Pulled	32@34
Lamb's, Pulled	30@35
California, fine, unwashed	27@32
California, common do	13@20
Peruvian, washed	—@—
Valparaiso, unwashed	13@16
South American Merino, unwashed	21@23
Do do Mestiza, do	16@20
Do. do common, washed	14@17
Do. do Entre Rios, do	15@17
Do. do Entre Rios, unwashed	9@12
Do do Cordova, washed	21@23
Cape Good Hope, unwashed	26@27
East India, washed	12@25
African, washed	20@30
Do unwashed	16@20
Smyrna, do	17@18
Do. washed	20@26
Mexican unwashed	12@14

ALBANY, Oct 31.—There has existed through the week a complete stagnation in the market, and in the absence of buyers or any demand, the tendency is towards a decline, though holders at present would be loth to make any concessions.—*Journal.*

BOSTON, Oct 31.—The market is very firm for foreign and domestic Wool, but the sales are limited on account of the high price asked. The transactions in domestic comprise 200 000 lbs. at 46@50c for fleece, and 45@55c for pulled, as to quality. In foreign the sales have been 1 000 bales, mostly South American and Mediterranean, at full prices.

Saxony Fleece	50@53	Pulled No 1	45@48
Full blood Merino	48@50	Do. No 2	00@00
Three-fourth do	47@50	Texas	10@35
Half do	47@50	Smyrna, washed	15@30
Common	46@47	Do unwashed	10@18
Western mixed	35@45	Buenos Ayres	10@40
Pulled Extra	50@55	Crimea	9@20
Do Superfine	46@50	Canada	00@00

CINCINNATI, Oct 31.—The demand continues active and prices are up to 45@46c. Clean of any grade would bring 46@45c.—*Gazette.*

BRITISH WOOL TRADE.—The following is taken from the American Wool Circular issued for each steamer by Messrs. J. L. BOWES & BROTHER, Liverpool, dated October 17:

"Since our circular of 31st August, the wool market has been gradually improving and prices hardening, particularly in England, where we have secured a good harvest, and the change extends in a lesser degree to Germany, while in France, where the harvest is deficient, trade is languid and prospects doubtful. The improvement is not yet general, for instance, the fine clothing trade which consumes Merino and Mestizo is only partially better, and of these wools the stock is considerable and prices not more than five per cent. higher. The great change is in the common blanket trade, which is now in a state of immense activity, for, in addition to an extended domestic demand there is a pressure of orders for the United States, besides this the large export of wool to America has so influenced the market that prices have moved rapidly upward, and stocks are running low. It is more the shipment of wool that reduces the stock than the shipments of gray blankets, for in these a little wool goes a long way, and shoddy, waste, and low noils are largely drawn upon."

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Sixty Cents a Line.

☞ Its immense circulation among the Producers and Dealers of the Free States, renders the RURAL NEW-YORKER by far the Best and Cheapest Advertising Medium of its class. This FACT should be borne in mind by all Wholesale Dealers, Manufacturers, &c., who must necessarily depend upon the People of the North for patronage.

One Box of Frank Miller's Leather Preservative and Water Proof Oil Blacking will last an out-door man one year, and save four times its cost in durability of leather. It is equally valuable to harness, &c. For sale at 101 Pearl Street, New York. 617-2t

100 Agents Wanted—SOMETHING New!—Improved Patent Indelible Pencil, for marking linen; Patent Match Safe for vest pocket, Downer's Patent Hemmer and Shield, Union Thermometer, Coffee Filter, Patent Honey or Table manna, and right to manufacture to families with recipe, $1. Send stamp.
617-2teow RICE & CO., 83 Nassau St., New York.

FARM FOR SALE.—An excellent grain farm of 147 acres, in Ledyard, Cayuga Co., N. Y., the residence of the late A. M. UNDERHILL, is offered for sale. The situation healthy, pleasant, and commands a view of Cayuga Lake. It is easy of access to market, schools, and places of worship, is in a high state of cultivation, and produces abundant crops. It has a convenient dwelling, two tenant houses, two barns and other out buildings, four wells, and a never-failing spring of good water, excellent fruit trees in bearing, and ten acres of wood land. Price, $55 per acre. Address
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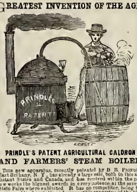

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GOD BLESS OUR STAR-GEMMED BANNER.

God bless our star-gemmed banner, shake its folds out to the breeze,
From church, from fort, from house-top, o'er the city, on the seas
The die is cast, the storm at last has broken in its might;
Unfurl the starry banner, and may God defend the right.

Too long our flag has sheltered rebel heart and stormy will;
Too long has cursed the traitor who has worked to do it ill.
That time is past—the thrilling blast of war is heard at length,
And the North pours forth her legions that have slumbered in their strength.

They have roused them to the danger, armed and ready forth they stand,
Three hundred thousand volunteers, each with weapon in his hand.
They rally round that banner, they obey their country's call,
The spirit of the North is up, and thrilling one and all.

'Tis the flag our sires and grandsires honored to their latest breath,
To us 'tis given to hold unstained, to guard in life and death.
Time-honored, from its stately folds who has dared to strike a star
That glittered on its field of blue?—who but traitors, as they are?

Would to God it waved above us, with a foreign foe to quell,
Not o'er brother faced to brother, urging steel, and shot, and shell!
But no more the choice is left us, for our friendly hand they spurn,
We can only meet as foemen—sad, but resolute and stern.

Father, dash aside the tear-drop, let thy proud boy go his way;
Mother, twine thine arms about him, and bless thy son this day;
Sister, weep, but yet look proudly, 'tis a time to do or die;
Maiden, clasp thy lover tenderly, as he whispers then good by!

Wife, loose thy claim, though strongest, every man is wanted now,
No Northern women, come what may, with self reproach must bow;
Child, smile upon thy father, for that smile shall nerve his arm,
And wife and child shall be to him a shield and holy charm.

Onward, onward to the battle! who can doubt which side shall win?
Right and might both guide our armies, and the steadfast hearts within
Shall the men who never quailed in war now falter in the field,
Or the hardy stuff of Bunker Hill be ever made to yield?

Then bless our Banner, God of Hosts! watch o'er each starry fold;
'Tis Freedom's standard, tried and proved, on many a field of old;
And Thou, who long hast blessed us, now bless us yet again,
And crown our cause with Victory, and keep our flag from stain!

The Story-Teller.

VAYLE VENTNOR, PRIVATE.

The music wandered off from Flowtow to nearer home, playing the "Star-Spangled Banner" in bold breezy bursts. The large, long hall was filled with the sweet sharp shocks of the cymbals, the bright blowing of the bugles, and the great drum-beats rolling through. People let their thoughts flow forth to meet the music, as suited them best, out upon the piazzas, in the parlors, or in the large long hall. Walking up and down the latter, a girl's voice went singing the first line,

"Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light?"

then ceasing, beating her palms together in time with the striking cymbals, she said, "Oh, isn't it lovely?" lingering in a pretty drawl upon the "lovely."

The gentleman walking beside her looked down, smiling mischief, as he replied, "Very lovely, Carlotta; sing it again."

"Nonsense! I do not mean my singing. Ah, but you know that I don't!" looking up laughing into the laughing face.

He bent lower, and more meaningly returned, "But *I* mean the singing. I like it better than the band."

"No, no, don't talk so, but listen—ah, it is divine! divine! better than any music in the world. I don't wonder, listening to it, that soldiers realize all the excitement and not the danger when they march to the battle field to such inspiring strains. Raymond, how did you feel when the men were dropping round you at Manassas?"

"Oh, as most men feel; after the first shock and dread passes, the nerves grow steady. Thus easily we get careless of human lives."

"Ah, no, I do not think it is that; I think the soul rises to the occasion. But will you go again?"

"If I can get a commission, yes; if not, no."

"Why will you not go if you do not get a commission?"

"Well, I don't like the associations generally as private. It's too hard work, and if I risk my life, I want to choose the way."

"Yes, I see," she answered, absently, as if she did not half see.

"You would be glad to have me go, Carlotta?" bending again, with eager interest. She knew what he meant, and a little color of crimson fused into the faint pink cheek, and she unfurled her fan with a quick, nervous slide, as she replied,

"I would be glad for every man to go that can, specially those without wives and children."

"They may have mothers; you forgot that," he said, with an irritated, jeering sort of a laugh.

But she was very serious, almost solemn, as she returned, "Yes, that is very true; I didn't forget. My brother went, you know; and he goes again, with *our* mother's consent."

"I know." That was all he said, but it was said in softer accents, under conviction. Then in a moment more he began, "And the tie of a lover, Carlotta." A little tinkling clash, and the pretty pearl fan was lying broken upon the floor, making grevious interruption. Swinging it to and fro, it had swung far out, and fell at a gentleman's feet who was sitting on one of the side couches. He brought it to her, and received a little airy "Thank you," and a smile of which her companion looked envious.

"I wonder who he is?" she exclaimed, watching the "gentleman" as he returned down the hall. "I've noticed him sitting there all the evening."

"*Have* you?" with satiric emphasis, to which she paid no attention, but went on heedlessly:

"Yes; and did you see what an air he has—how loftily he carries his head? Military, too, do you notice? He must be a new arrival."

"Very likely," was the reply, crossly enough now, and snapping two or three more sticks of the fan he had taken from her. Whereupon such a cunning little smile went flashing whiter pearls than he held into view, and a pair of merry brown eyes dropped their white curtains, *for modesty's sake*. The gentleman who had been the innocent cause of all this, from his place on one of the side couches observed the pantomime of the conversation with an odd smile curling his heavy mustache. It was evident that he understood.

On the next morning, Miss Carlotta Delevan—in other words, Miss Charlotte, the sweet Spanish rendering being the work of her Cuban nurse—might have been seen, somewhere after breakfast, when the halls are mostly vacant, running her little finger down the list of arrivals, as she leaned over the office-desk. There were Smiths, and Smythes, and aristocratic Howards, and Vans, and the Parisian De', but only one military Captain Jones; and following this, making it more noticeable from the sharp contrast of euphony, was one name, the last, Vayle Ventnor.

"Vayle Ventnor!" She ran it over in her mind. The oddest name in the world. But she had found what she sought; her military hero of the lofty carriage was Captain Jones. So, satisfied, she went sauntering out upon the piazza and met the military hero, "Captain Jones," sauntering too. She drooped her pretty head in pretty remembrance, and received a most graceful "reverence" in return; then, with gentlemanly courtesy, he turned off from his walk, leaving her alone.

So she sauntered slowly, thinking, "There's something fine about the man—not so handsome, though, as Raymond Mays; horrid name too, 'Jones!' Heigh-ho!" (yawning) "I wish I had the morning's paper. Ah! there comes Raymond; I'll ask him. Raymond," nodding and smiling her greeting, "is that the paper you have? Yes? Thank you!" nodding again, and dropping into a chair to unfold and look it over, talking meanwhile to Raymond, who seated himself near. Looking down a list of soldiers, what should she come upon but those two names again. First, among the officers, "Jeremiah Jones, Captain;" then, lower down, "Vayle Ventnor, Private." This Captain Jones, how he haunted her. Jeremiah Jones, think of that! she thought, and laughed outright, a little tinkle of merriment.

"What is it so funny, Carlotta? I couldn't find anything funny there. You get all the sunshine of life. What is it?" bending over.

But Carlotta chose not to tell; so she put a little slim hand between his eyes and the paper, saying, with a merry malice, "Curious?"

"No; only interested in what interests you. I want to catch your sunny way. Can't you teach me how?"

"Yes," demurely, "I'll teach you to catch it," rolling the paper into a ball, and tossing it lightly to him.

He caught the paper, and the fan too, tossing it back again softly. And to and fro they kept it going a moment, until, in a backward bend of her head, all laughing, and flushed, and breeze-ruffled as the head was, she received a glance of admiration from a bearded face looking down from an upper window upon their laughing play. It was sheer admiration, nothing less, for the girl herself in all her bright momentary abandon. As she met it, her color rose naturally; she dropped her eyes to raise them again furtively, but the gazer had withdrawn. Captain Jones again. It was very funny. And then there rushed over her mind—"CAPTAIN JEREMIAH JONES!" and another little peal of laughter tinkled forth.

"What does possess you, la Carlotta, this morning?" young Mays questioned, smilingly.

She drew a long face, and answered, "Captain Jeremiah Jones possesses me, Raymond!" And, flinging down the paper, she ran away, tinkling forth her laugh again to her hearer's utter mystification. So she ran up the stairs, along the halls and passages, laughing still for the very drollery of the whole thing—laughing and saying over gleefully, "Captain Jeremiah Jones, Captain Jeremiah Jones," when Captain Jeremiah Jones, in a sudden turn around a corner, nearly ran her down. Off came the plumed hat, and pardon was asked very humbly, with "I hope I haven't hurt you; it was very awkward of me, but your step was so light, and mine so heavy." She leaned against the wall, not hurt, but so startled that she couldn't speak for a moment.

She *was* hurt, then, he thought, and very gravely and respectfully he approached to offer some assistance, when she regained herself, and explaining, sped away. Bursting into her room, the persistent oddity of the affair overcame her again, and she flung herself, in another peal of laughter, upon the bed. Her mother looked up in amaze, asking Raymond's question, "What does possess you, Carlotta?" With a little silver shout she answered, "Captain Jeremiah Jones possesses me, mamma;" and as soon as she was able to speak further, she gave "mamma" a history of her adventures with the above gentlemen. "Mamma" took the sunshine of life like her daughter; so there were a pair of laughers when she had ended. The unconscious cause of all this, standing at the office lighting a cigar, heard the merriment, and recognizing one voice, wondered what it was about.

After dinner a servant handed her a card: "Ward Wyman." She ran down gleefully, for Ward Wyman was an old friend, and there she found him in close conversation with Captain Jeremiah Jones, who was for turning away as the lady approached, but staid at the peremptory command of Mr. Wyman, and the words, "I want you two to know each other. Carlotta, this is my friend Ventnor—Vayle Ventnor, Miss Charlotte Delevan." The gentleman bowed lowly, "was very happy," etc.; but Carlotta was too amazed to say a word, and all the while trying in vain to control the merriment that dimpled round her mouth. Through her mind went running, "Captain Jeremiah Jones!"

That night when Mays, Raymond Mays, came up to their hotel she had to tell him the whole story: it was too funny to keep. How he laughed! "Why, you little goose, can't you tell an officer's dress from a private's?"

"No, indeed: how should I?" she answered.

"Ventnor? Ventnor?" he repeated. "Ward"—to Wyman, who was just passing—"who is this fellow?"

"What fellow?"

"This Ventnor?"

Ward Wyman twinkled with suppressed amusement. "This fellow, Mays, is the son of Richmond Ventnor, whose house you visited with me, in Paris, five years ago."

"The dickens it is! What in the world is his son serving merely as a private for?"

"You must ask him."

"Why his income must be a small fortune, and his associations and family advantages such that he might have almost any post. What does he mean?"

Thus, in his surprise, Raymond Mays ran on, unconscious that he was adding still more interest to the quondam Captain in the mind of Carlotta. He saw his mistake by-and-by, when the band struck up "Die Schonbrunner," and passing by, Vayle Ventnor, encouraged by the cordial smile that greeted him from la Carlotta, approached and asked her, "Would she honor him with two or three turns?" adding, apologetically, "that he was scarcely a fit cavalier for a lady in his rough soldier's costume."

But Carlotta thought differently, and said something very pretty and patriotic to him as she accepted the invitation. The fact was, Carlotta was wild with curiosity to know how such a Fortune favorite came to be in his present position, as "Vayle Ventnor, Private;" and so she determined to follow up the acquaintance till she had satisfied her Eve-like propensity. It wasn't a pleasant waltz to one person there. Raymond Mays stood chewing the end of bitter reflection. Poor Mays! he thought he was dying for Carlotta Delevan; and perhaps he was, but it would be an easy death—because Mays never took any thing hardly, not even the small-pox, which once visited him, leaving one white mark on the side of his handsome nose. It wasn't pleasant to see Ventnor's splendid sliding ease of step as he whirled past with Carlotta. If he had made a bungle of it he could have forgiven him, but that perfect movement defied criticism. After the waltz the two strolled out upon the piazza, and here suddenly the gentleman reeled, and would have fallen, had it not been for the slight little arm that was linked within his. He sat down, and presently explained.

"I have been ill, Miss Delevan, and the change of air after the exercise made my head spin."

"Oh, you are off on furlough, getting well?" she asked, with some satisfaction.

"Exactly," he replied, not a little amused at her direct simplicity, "off on furlough, getting well—that is just it, Miss Delevan."

She colored a little—had she been too curious? But his manner was very frank and kind, so her mind eased itself, and the talk flowed so readily that she found it was eleven o'clock before she knew it. Rising to go in, she said to him:

"Come to our private parlor, Mr. Ventnor, and let me present you to my mother: she will be glad to make you comfortable if you are an invalid, and to ask you about the army, for our Will's sake."

He thanked her brightly. He liked the cordial freedom of her invitation, and told her how glad he would be to come.

So it came to pass, that morning after morning "Vayle Ventnor, Private," might be seen half-sitting, half-reclining, upon Mrs. Delevan's own particular lounge in her own particular private parlor. On one of these mornings Carlotta was enlightened. It began in this way: She had picked up an old paper, and her eye fell upon the two names again in a roll-call—"Vayle Ventnor, Private," and "Jeremiah Jones, Captain."

She laughed out with the gleeful memory—then told him the whole story; but the telling is too *naive* to lose.

To his question, "What is it so funny, Miss Delevan?" she replied,

"Why, you must know that when you first arrived, the day after you picked up my fan, you remember, I thought you were Captain Jeremiah Jones."

"You thought—how should you think that?"

"Well, you see, when you restored my fan that night I remarked to Raymond Mays, as you went back to your seat, that you were military. The next morning, as I was looking over the list of arrivals, I came upon the two names—'Captain Jones and Vayle Ventnor;' and I supposed, of course, that you were the officer, as I had no knowledge of military dress-distinction, and there was but *one* military prefix, and I remembered your costume as belonging to some regiment. Do you see?"

"Yes, I see," he answered, trying not to smile at her straight simplicity.

"But who in the world *is* 'Captain Jones—Captain Jeremiah Jones?'" she suddenly asked. "I haven't thought of the real Captain actually since I discovered my mistake—how funny!"

"He returned the next day after his arrival—you probably didn't see him. He is the Captain of my company—a good fellow, and an excellent officer. But let me ask another question: How did you know his name to be Jeremiah?"

"Why, I saw it in a paper—like this," and she handed the one she held to him—then followed other little reminiscences—the meeting on the stairs, etc., till at last Carlotta asked a plump question, coloring prettily all the time,

"I want to know how *you* came to be serving as 'Private'—will you tell me?"

"Why *me* so especially?"

"Because Ward says you are rich and aristocratic, Richmond Ventnor's son."

He laughed. "Yes, it is very true. I am rich and aristocratic, as the saying goes, and Richmond Ventnor's son; but what has that to do with it?" he concluded, determining to draw her out.

She made her eyes very round at this; and then repeated the usual objections—the usual reasons why rich and influential men shouldn't serve as "privates"—Raymond Mays's objections and reasons. He heard her through, then his whole face changed, as he turned it toward her, and his light laughing words of a moment since changed to perfect seriousness as he answered: "Miss Delevan, when the news reached me of my country's peril I was in Paris at my father's house. A steamer sailed on the next day for America. I made my preparations and sailed in it. My life had been a student's life: I knew nothing whatever of military drill; but I was able and strong, from being a good gymnast—so I set myself to learn my new trade by enlisting as a private at once."

"But you have been serving three months—surely you have some experience now?" she interposed.

"It hasn't made a good soldier of me yet, at all events. I have much to learn before I shall think myself fitted to command in any degree. In the mean time, the country calls for a larger army, and because I am unfitted for an officer, shall I wait at such a time for a commission?"

"But you would not have to wait, with your connections in the military and political world," she said; not half seeing yet his modesty—his manliness.

"No, I would not have to wait, it is very true," he exclaimed, with some sarcasm. "Miss Delevan," sitting upright now, and lighting with scorn, "I am sick and ashamed of the shallow advantages of position—of the miserable presuming expectations that grow out of it. It is continually putting men in the wrong place, and building up gigantic errors—such errors as we are to-day striving to amend. It humiliates me to think that to my position in the world do I owe perhaps any advancement, instead of to my own strength and powers as a man. I long sometimes to throw off these 'circumstances,' and for a time to meet the world face to face, and on its own terms. But pardon me for boring you with my theories;" and he sank back upon the lounge again to silence.

So Carlotta was enlightened. As she sat there in the silence she pondered what she had heard. This did not sound like Raymond Mays; yet Raymond Mays was a brave fellow, and a manly one. She had never heard any one talk like this before; but it struck an answering chord in her own nature. Of course she liked him better for it. *He* thought she didn't understand—that he had bored her with his earnestness on what he supposed would be a vague theory to her; for he looked upon her as only a sweeter specimen of the young lady genus, that bloomed in fashionable society. By-and-by she said, in a dreamy, absent manner, as she sat, with her cheek leaning in her hand: "I wish you would talk in this way to Raymond Mays."

"Why to Raymond Mays?" he questioned, in surprise.

"Oh," still dreamily, thoughtfully, "he is waiting for a commission. He says he don't like the associations of a private's life—that it is too hard labor, and too generalizing; that if he is going to risk his life, he means to do it in a manner that is most agreeable to him," etc.

"Personal ambition! that is it; it stands in the way of the whole thing. Every man for himself, instead of a grand unit in thousands of men. But are you anxious for Mr. Mays to go?" and he here looked at her rather curiously.

"I am anxious for all men to go who can," as I told him.

"As you told him? But pardon me."

"I have nothing to pardon in that. But why do you ask it?"

"I was surprised."

"Surprised? Now I am curious. What is there surprising in that?"

"Miss Delevan, I wish you would let me ask *you* a plump question."

"I will."

"Are you not engaged to Mr. Mays?"

"Engaged to Raymond Mays? No. What put such a thought in your mind?"

"I can hardly tell; but I somehow received the impression."

"And that is why you were surprised that I told him I was anxious for all men to go! Mr. Ventnor, I have never talked very earnestly upon any earnest topic with you, not because I have doubted your earnestness, but because I have met so few persons who feel just as I do upon many things that I am shy of speaking. But after your avowal a moment since, I know you will understand me when I say that, were I engaged to Mr. Mays, I could not wish him to stay behind at this issue, even awaiting a commission," she concluded, smiling.

He looked at her with a new expression. This was fine, and he told her so.

"I don't know," she went on, thoughtfully. "Sometimes I think perhaps it is because I haven't been tried in that peculiar manner. Women whose husbands and lovers have gone, and to whom I have expressed this, say I am unwomanly, or that it is because I have never loved."

"It is because you are unselfish!" he exclaimed, with energy. "That is the mistake half the women make. They rarely discern between selfishness and unselfishness, where the heart is concerned. And you, Miss Delevan, are the first woman I ever met who could."

The honest admiration with which he regarded her at this point was unmistakable. It pleased her, of course, and she expressed it by saying, simply, "I am so glad you think so."

He gave a quick look into her face. Such a mixture of frankness and reserve, he couldn't make her out. Musing, he presently said, "Carlotta!" Then, recollecting, "Pardon me, Miss Delevan—"

She waved her hand at him deprecatingly, and interrupted with, "No, no; call me Carlotta. I like people—I—to call me Carlotta."

What was she about to say? I like people—I—like to call me Carlotta? He wished he knew.

"But say on," she resumed, "what you were going to say to Carlotta."

"Oh, just a fact which may sound like mere compliment, but which I assure you is not, that before to-day I thought you something sweeter than most young ladies; but now you stand to me as a type of what woman should be."

"Oh, that is a great deal to say; but I think you mean it as you assert."

"Yes, I mean it, Carlotta; and more—go on as you have to me; talk out such sentiments. Be brave and honest and true to whatever convictions you may have, however unpopular they may be. Will you?"

He was very earnest—not gallant as Raymond Mays would have been—but in hearty earnest for the truth's sake.

"I will try," she answered. Then she thought, "He called me Carlotta—how sweetly he says it! He is certainly very fine, *and handsomer than Raymond Mays!*"

Alas for Raymond Mays! Two or three more days went by, and the band played, and the carriages rolled, and people took life gayly in sound of the great surging sea at this thoroughfare of fashion. In this time "Vayle Ventnor, Private," became better acquainted with la Carlotta. From the text of that morning they had gone on into the deeper waters of existence—had talked finer and freer, and thus discovered much more of each other.

In the meantime Raymond Mays, handsome fellow!—much handsomer be it known than Vayle Ventnor—meantime he chafed and fretted inwardly at this ripening acquaintance, and outwardly conducted himself in a most disdainful manner toward the former gentleman.

"The girl's head is turned with his wealth and position!" he blustered one night to Ward Wyman.

"No, no, Mays, be generous; I don't think that of Carlotta: besides, you don't know Ventnor—you *won't* know him; that's it. There was never a finer fellow in the world."

Mays sneered and turned away.

It happened that very night that he was present at a club room, and heard a conversation between Ventnor and another, wherein Ventnor gave his reasons and opinions pretty much as he had done before Carlotta Delevan.

Still Mays sneered and scoffed.

The conversation wandering off, a lieutenant of the regular army suddenly said,

"Here is Mays now who is waiting, and with better reason than most. Mays was in the Crimea, you know."

"No, I didn't know."

"Yes, he was in Europe at the time, and joined the allied forces out of sheer blood-thirstiness, I believe. Isn't it so, Mays? Here, come out of your corner, and tell us all about it."

Mays "came out," saying there was nothing to tell, modestly and a little crossly.

But Ventnor was so interested, so genial and frank, there was no resisting; so Mays told them "all about it" that he knew.

"Berge says you were the best drilled soldier of all the volunteers, Mays," the lieutenant went on, "and that you had at one time the temporary command of a company."

"Why, I should think it was easy enough then for you to get a commission," one said.

Mays shrugged his shoulders, and retorted, "Bah! I haven't influential friends in the right department, you know."

Vayle Ventnor blazed forth in the same indignant protest that he had brought forward upon another occasion, and when he had ended there was a determined look around his firm-set mouth that told of a purpose. When Raymond Mays left the club-room that night it was actually with a friendly nod to Ventnor's cordial "Good-night!"

A few days more and the furlough would have expired. "Vayle Ventnor, Private," was a sound, hearty man again. There was no excuse now for delay, though the band played "Die Schonbrunner" in such melting, memorizing strains, and the Star-Spangled Banner rolled through the halls. Whistling the latter lustily to get the former out of his head, he was rushing up the stairs and round a corner—that fatal corner—when swirl! came a silk gown and its owner. He opened his arms in a flash—into them he took silk gown and all—all the pretty, pretty wearer. He gathered her up with a little exulting laugh, and set her down inside the private parlor; but not until he had said, "Carlotta, be *my* Carlotta, you little darling!" and she had promised she would.

"So you are engaged, Carlotta?" Raymond Mays remarked, a short time after this.

"Yes, I am engaged, Raymond."

"Well, I give you my congratulations. Carlotta, look here." He handed her an open letter. She read—an appointment to a Captaincy in the —th Regiment.

"Oh, I am so glad for you!" she exclaimed. "How came it?"

"It came by Vayle Ventnor, Private, though he does not know my knowledge of his influence."

Then he told her of their conversation at the club-room, and how directly after that he received this appointment, through Governor —— and Colonel ——, who were both near relatives of Vayle Ventnor. "And now, Carlotta, I have offered you my congratulations, I am going to him for the same purpose, and to thank him. He deserves his happiness, for he is a good fellow; but I wish he never had come here after all, Carlotta."

"Then you would never have got your commission," she answered, slyly.

"But," bending down, "shouldn't I have got Carlotta?"

"Oh no, no; we were both too old acquaintances, Raymond. You'll like somebody else much better than you ever did me."

He stoutly denied this possibility; but all the time he was adjusting his belted sash with infinite satisfaction, and Carlotta said unto herself, "I'll risk his heart while it beats under that uniform."

He held out his hand. "Good-by, Carlotta; I sail to-night." He tried hard to look miserable, but all in vain.

"Good-by!"

Then suddenly, in a quiet flash of feeling, he bent nearer. The "good-by" was a kiss. She laughed.

"How dare you, Raymond?"

"For old acquaintance' sake, and because next time I see you you will be Mrs. Vayle Ventnor—*Private*."—*Harper's Weekly.*

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 19, 11, 22, 22, 17, 11, 16 is a noted battle field.
My 4, 3, 25, 14, 5, 7, 21 is a rank in the army.
My 13, 7, 12, 12, 6, 5, 7, 9 was the scene of a late brilliant victory.
My 25, 3, 4, 16, 10, 20, 9 have caused much trouble.
My 17, 6, 19, 3, 22 is a national criminal.
My 1, 14, 25 is a number.
My 1, 5, 18, 16, 6, 24, 25 is a large city in New Jersey.
My 21, 23, 3 Union haters can do first rate.
My 8, 15, 11, 3, 2, 20, 7, 5, 12, 9 is what our country now wants.
My whole is one of the greatest events of the nineteenth century.

Flatbrookville, N. J., 1861. H. J. B.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 6, 7, 10, 17 is a county in North Carolina.
My 10, 3, 17, 9 is a county in Tennessee.
My 19, 6, 11, 2, 4 is a county in Illinois.
My 1, 2, 4, 17, 7 is a county in Iowa.
My 9, 19, 6, 13, 2, 4 is a large river in South America.
My 11, 13, 18, 14 is a river in Ireland.
My 2, 7, 6, 6, 17 is a county in Missouri.
My 8, 2, 12, 17 is a county in Arkansas.
My whole is the name of a distinguished anatomist and phrenologist.

Alabama, Gen. Co., N. Y., 1861. Alazar B. Norton.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

[redacted]

"THE OLD MAN."

Who calls his father "The Old Man?" Here he is. You would know him at a glance. He is so afraid that he will be classed a boy that he must tell of the old man, which signifies that he has charge of affairs now, and the father is a secondary personage. If there is anything I thoroughly despise, it is to hear parents disrespectfully spoken of; but I never heard a sprout of a boy speak of his father in such terms without a strong desire to laugh at the comical picture before me. If "Great I" is sitting down, he throws his head back, and talks of what he has advised the old man to do. And then he tries so hard to look self possessed, as if he had always been a man himself, that he overdoes the matter entirely, and I cannot but think of a baby rooster in his attempts at a cock-a-doodle-doing. If young men, or would-be young men, know how perfectly disgusting, as well as ridiculous and disrespectful, they appear in calling their father the old man, they would soon discontinue the shameful practice. And they would find that, when they respected others, they themselves would be respected.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 615.

Answer to Politico-Biographical Enigma:—I hope, I trust, I pray,—nay, I believe,—Kentucky will yet to her duty.

Answer to Mathematical Problem:—Lesser abscissa, 101.6040 + feet; greater abscissa, 748.4060 + feet.

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Allen's Am. Farm Book	1 00
Allen's Diseases of Domestic Animals	75
Allen's Rural Architecture	1 25
Allen on the Grape	1 00
Am. Architect, or Plans for Country Dwellings	6 00
American Florist's Guide	75
Barry's Fruit Garden	1 25
Blake's Farmer at Home	1 25
Boussingault's Rural Economy	1 25
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